

AL GOLDSTEIN'S

National SCREW

APRIL, 1977

\$1.95

BURROUGHS
REMEMBERS DYLAN,
BECKETT, CAPOTE, &
OTHER SUPERSTARS

100 BEST ROCK
RECORDS

BONDAGE
ITALIAN STYLE

BOOMERANGS
COME BACK

PLUS...WILD,
WANTON
WOMEN



P 06719

Sometimes when I've been in bed with a man—80 times at age 18—and things have been a little rough, I say no more of that. . . I'll fall in love instead. . . be a good and loving wife. Hah! I have about as much chance of keeping that resolve as I do of remembering to insert my diaphragm, stock up on chopped liver, and not breathing for a couple of days. I'm about to plunge again and I'm hopeful (he's 21!) but not totally confident. My favorite magazine says marriage. . . life is supposed to be secure—and memorable. I love that magazine. I guess you could say I'm That COSMO-PURITAN Girl.



If you want to reach me, you'll find me reading

COSMOPURITAN

National SCREW

AMERICA'S HOUSE ORGAN

publisher

Lyle Stuart

editor

Al Goldstein

managing editor

John Kols

art director

Robert Eisner

senior associate editor

Mara Mills

designer

Scott MacNaull

associate editor

Paul Bresnick

art assistant

Robert Satcik

editorial assistant

Al Simpson

assistant to the art director

Frank Bruno

type manager

Bill Mudle

contributing editors

Victor Bockris Jeff Goldberg

J.J. Kana Dean Letimer

Manny Neuhaus

contributing artists

Walter Gurbo Robert Romanoff

Kurt Schnurr Wallace Wood

Milton Zelman

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Letters

UNSCREWED

Dear NATIONAL SCREW,

Loved your January issue. Can I get another copy? Mom just loved your article on how to cook Easter bunnies, and cousin Dominick went out and gave away all his pinstripes when he saw the Dead Italian fashion spread you guys came up with. Real great, just great.

But I haven't been able to find another copy anywhere and I never got a chance to read that piece by that zan writer whatsisname all about "The Jewish Messiah: Guinnin' for Goyem." I really loved that outtake quote though, remember? "Alright schwartz, up against the wall!" I do so wish I could see it again, if for nothing else than for all those really terrific pictures of Orson Welles playing the Martian counterpart of Patty Hearst's grandmama.

Shit, I'd give anything for another copy of the January NATIONAL SCREW. Mine just seemed to disappear, and the guy in the candy store just gives me a dirty look when I ask if there are any more left. Enclosed you will find a blank check in payment for that issue, and I have instructed my bank to honor it for any amount, provided you can deliver another January edition of NATIONAL SCREW. Thx.

—Fanny Oldhouse
New York, N.Y.

Sorry, Fanny, but every last copy of the fabulous January issue has been scoffed up by other long-horned, demented readers like yourself. It is truly a collector's item, and copies are going for exorbitant prices. We're not about to let go of our personal copies, but if you'd like to come down to our offices, you can be sure you'll not be unSCREWed any longer.

GUNNERS' GOATS GOT

Dear NATIONAL SCREW,

I have long been impressed by your fight for First Amendment rights, and I liked your new magazine, until I got to the pro-gun control ad on page 28. My question is: Are you so concerned with the First Amendment that the Second Amendment can go to hell?

—Willard B. Myers
Baytown, Texas

Dear NATIONAL SCREW,

This is the first time I have written to a magazine. I am writing in regards to the anti-handgun ad in your November issue. I am sorry that you see fit to run such ads.

Needless to say, I won't buy your magazine again, and I will do my utmost to persuade my friends to do the same.

—Robert L. Myers
Lewisburg, Tennessee

Well, Messrs. Myers, much as we hate to lose two of our precious readers, we do have our principles, and we will stick to our guns against guns.

MAMMA'S GIRL



Dear NATIONAL SCREW:

It was so nice of you to print such a lovely picture of my daughter. But, did you have to print her without a shirt? Does everyone have to see the shame of our family. All the rest have tits, size 38. We've been trying to marry her off for the past 15 years, and showing such little tits, oy, are you making my job hard. Is there any eligible bachelors in your office, mama.

—Fagala Mills
Bronx, N.Y.

FUCKABILITY FLAW

Dear NATIONAL SCREW,

As I was doing the Female Fuckability Test in your November issue I was stunned when I came to a number nine question which wasn't there as a question but had a rating as an answer. Therefore, I find that I'm unable to accurately rate my sexual potential.

—J. Patty
Wappinger Falls, N.Y.

Good catch, J. We fired that old copy editor's ass for that one. As for accurately rating your sexual potential, if you'll just pay a visit to our offices, we'd be glad to help you out.

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Victor Bockris



Bob Schneider



Jeff Goldberg



Jim Wheelock



Mara Mills
and
Ray Schultz



Walter Gurbo



Lynda Crawford



Tom Hachtman



Dominique Gangloff



J.J. Kant

Victor Bockris ("William Burroughs: First Meetings") has written extensively about William Burroughs, in *The New York Times Book Review* and other literary periodicals. For this decidedly non-literary periodical, he flew out to Burroughs's winter headquarters in Boulder, Colorado.

Bob Schneider ("TV in Tomorrowland Today") is a free-lance writer and multi-media artist based in New York. He is co-editor of *Whole Grains: A Book of Quotations*, and co-creator (with our own J. Hoberman) of such underground hits as *Hot Chockkas*, *Breakdown at the Superbowl*, and *Vagueout on Main Street*. His most recent work, a solo effort, *Syntagma the Sailor Man: A Techniquatic Extravaganza*, played to packed audiences and critical acclaim in the fall of 1976. Mr. Schneider has watched TV all his life.

Former alto saxophone player with the legendary Gonzo White Vaudevillians, **Jeff Goldberg** ("The Quintessential 100") is currently conducting interviews with rock 'n' roll stars in New York coffeeshops.

Jim Wheelock ("The Comic Art of Guido Crepax") was born and raised in Brattleboro, Vermont, and later received a degree in film production from Brooklyn, N.Y.'s Pratt Institute. It has been suggested that Jim writes like a cartoonist, and draws like a writer. He is currently in psychoanalysis and working on *Midnight Blue*, the erotic video magazine.

Once introduced as the lady with the brass balls, **Mara Mills** ("The Return of the Boomerang") says that her men, like her boomerangs, always come back. Or is it that bad pennies always turn up?

After finishing his undergraduate work and achieving an honorable degree from the U.S. Navy, **Ray Schultz** ("Hell No, We Won't Pay") continued his studies through a fellowship with the *East Village Other*, culminating in a doctorate in Street Journalism. Mr. Schultz disappears from time to time, after which an article will appear in *The New York Times Magazine* bearing his byline. Schultz claims no recollection of these periods.

We asked **Tom Hachtman** ("Mary Hardon, Mary Hardon") for some bio info, and he said, "Just say that Tom Hachtman eats, sleeps, and fucks his wife."

Walter Gurbo ("Snakeman") is the artist from the Black Lagoon. The webbing on his hands accounts for the artistic merit of his contribution.

Lynda Crawford ("Slim Chance Diets") is a free-lance writer from New York whose work has appeared in *Viva*, *New Dawn*, *High Times*, *Harper's*, *The Soho Weekly News*, and *Titters* (the first collection of humor by women, published by Macmillan).

Dominique Gangloff (illustration for "Slim Chance Diets") is from Paris, where he studied at *L'ecole National Supérieur des Arts Industriels*, and worked as a commercial art director and free-lance illustrator. He recently moved to Japan, where he worked for advertising, editorial, and fashion designers. He is now in New York, and plans to stay for "un bon bout de temps."

J.J. Kane ("Just Plain Freaks") is a free-lance writer who calls New York home, if only for want of a better name. Though his intermittent affair with the written word has been a stormy one, marked by myriad misunderstandings, abrupt departures, and tearful reconciliations, this has not prevented him from toiling for *The New York Ace*, *High Times*, *New Dawn*, *Apple Pie*, *Ow!*, *The Monster Times*, *International Insanity*, *Take One*, and other publications too numerous and obscure to mention.

STILL GOING WEAK

NATIONAL SCREW continues its undistinguished career. The United States's penchant for masochism thrives as this magazine prospers and grows like some Venus's flytrap which has just gorged itself on an army of red ants.

NATIONAL SCREW is one of the few magazines that would turn against its publisher. Exhibiting our editorial integrity, we debunk and expose tons-of-fun publisher, Lyle Stuart's misshapen effort to hit the best-seller list with Dr. Linn's book, *The Last Chance Diet*. Speaking of misshapen, Lyle Stuart himself is the best argument we know against his claims that a diet book can work. Lyle is a classic yoyo, as I am. His body is a shrill yell for mandatory plastic surgery. Lyle's whole publishing empire totters on the premise that the American public will read anything so long as it's written at a high enough level of illiteracy.

Going from the ridiculous to the mediocre, the famous literary figure William Burroughs is captured like a butterfly in our pages, and some of the tastiest twats on coated paper wave their clits at your face in some of our wondrous photo shoots. For women who have the class to be reading NATIONAL SCREW, we give you a bonus: John Holmes's huge cock—the joint that's launched a thousand orgasms. In our effort to spearhead yet one more craze, we tell you more than you've ever wanted to know about boomerangs, and continue our never-ending quest to make as much money as we can, short of working for a living.

WINNING THE BIG ONE

SCREW, the tabloid, finally struggled to victory in federal court. In Wichita on November 30th, I was witness to not only a mistrial ruling, but also the rebirth of the American system.

I have, for a long time, been a bitter critic of this country and the excesses of its power-mad government, led by its power-hungry prosecutors. Everything foul-smelling about Watergate had been telegraphed by the Nixon administration as early as 1969 and 1970, when SCREW had guns of oppression pointed at its head. Finally, the rot of Watergate was exposed even on the sacrosanct networks and *The New York Times* and, in a last minute resurrection of integrity, Nixon was toppled.

The legacy of Nixon's fastidious addiction to corruption continued as the persecution of SCREW, originated under Nixon and Mitchell, perked along the system. The government's selection of Wichita as the trial site was crass and improper. The dragging of myself and my ex-partner, the late Short Jim Buckley, to a village 1,500 miles from where we live and work was as horrendous as throwing U.S. citizens of Japanese origins into work camps in the '40s. But, the establishment was silent. Finally, after my conviction last June, friends in the press, including such courageous spokesmen as Gay Talese, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., Nora Ephron, Lynn Redgrave, Stanley Siegel, Barry Gray, Gael Greene, Nat Lehrman, Hugh Hefner, Gordon Lish, Joseph Papp, Ramsey Clark, Jann Wenner, Howard Smith, Dr. Theodore Rubin, Joe Hanson, Dr. Albert Ellis, and representatives of almost every newspaper and magazine in this country, raised their voices against the inquisition in Wichita. Many of these people despise SCREW, and some of them dislike me, but they held a reverence for freedom and felt that my going to jail would serve no useful purpose. These letters, combined with the brilliant legal representation of SCREW's right to a fair trial by the good-looking and debonair Herald Price Fahringer, chubby and Italian Paul Cambria, cheaply attired Jewish lawyer Arthur Schwartz, and bantling Jim Lawing, kept the spotlight on the government's gross misconduct. But even this wouldn't have been enough. There have been many inequities, many cases of justice being squashed, in the tangled history of this country's courts. What's needed is a strong, courageous judge and, as John Sirica saved this nation against Nixon, I must thank Judge Frank Theis in Wichita, who saved me from governmental obliteration. The judge ruled a mistrial and whether I go on trial again or not is less important to me than the realization that the American way of life does occasionally work.

Al Doest

Our Master's Voice



FAIRY TALES YOUR MOTHER NEVER TOLD YOU!

THE EROTIC ADVENTURES OF
JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

GOLDLINKS, CINDERELLA AND
—FULLY ILLUSTRATED!

If you're nostalgic for the innocent days of childhood, if you yearn for those happy hours spent listening to fairy tales in the nursery—**THEN THIS BOOK IS NOT FOR YOU!** A NAUGHTY TREASURY OF CLASSIC FAIRY TALES contains absolutely nothing you ever heard at your mother's knee—unless your mother was Xavieria Hollander.

Watching Cinderella win Prince Charming away from her ugly sisters illustrates that the most important fit for a good love life is NOT in glass slippers. The notorious illustrator, Rod Q. McGurk brings the nubile, blond Goldilocks to life as you could not imagine her in your wettest dreams, proving that a girl who can swallow that Three Bears story can swallow literally anything!

NOTHING is left to the imagination as little Jack, hung like Secre-



NATIONAL SCREW
120 Enterprise Avenue
Secaucus, N.J. 07084

Please rush me _____ copies of A NAUGHTY TREASURY OF CLASSIC FAIRY TALES. I understand that if for any reason I don't find it everything you claim, I may return it for a FULL REFUND. I enclose \$9.95 plus 50¢ postage and handling for each copy.

tariel, EARNS a handful of magic beans from a voluptuous gypsy woman, then climbs the beanstalk to find a giant's wife who has some original uses for a tiny young man when she is feeling lonely. And the giant's return involves Jack in sexual predicaments surpassing even your wildest sexual fantasies.

The heroines are soft, moist and highly desirable; the heroes are strong and willing; the giants are . . . well, **GIGANTIC** . . . and the result is either the funniest dirty book or the dirtiest funny book you've ever read!

CLASSIC FAIRY TALES is sure to become an instant erotic classic, and it can be yours for just \$9.95 plus 50¢ postage and handling. And if the book, for any reason, doesn't EXCEED your expectations, simply return it within ten days for your money back IN FULL.



SORRY, NO COD

NAME _____

ADDRESSSS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

Signature (I am over 21 years of age)

Burroughs



First Meetings

One Dozen Memories from the Files of William Burroughs as told to Victor Bockris

A very formal man, William Burroughs maintains a low social profile, preferring to surround himself with a small coterie of trusted acquaintances and write.

He says: "Any writer who does not consider writing the most important

thing he does, who does not consider writing his only salvation, I—"I trust him little in the commerce of the soul."

However, through a long distinguished career, Burroughs has known many influential cultural figures and he agreed to talk about his first meetings

with some of them.

Brief notes have been added. Otherwise, these pieces stand exactly as he related them, in a tiny sun-filled room overlooking the Rocky Mountains in Boulder, Colorado.

(continued)

Meetings

(continued)

I

PARIS, 1958. Burroughs has kicked his heroin habit forever and is busy in the Beat Hotel editing *Naked Lunch*. Publisher Maurice Giordas remembers him "leading a very secret life, a grey phantom of a man in his phantom gabardine and ancient discolored phantom hat. He had these incredibly mask-like, ageless features—completely cold looking."

This is Burroughs's first and only meeting with Celine. The great French writer, about whom Patti Smith has written the poem, "Celine/Saline/Saliva/Spit," was to die in his wife's arms on the day he completed his last book, *Rigadoon*, July 1, 1961.



LOUIS FERDINAND CELINE

Allen asked if they ever killed anyone and Celine said "Nooo. I just keep them for the noise." Allen gave him some books—*Howl*, and some poems by Gregory Corso, and my book, *Junkie*. He glanced at the books without interest and laid them sort of definitively aside. Clearly he had no intention of wasting his time. He was sitting out there in Meudon. He thinks of himself as the greatest French writer, and no one's paying any attention to him. So, you know, there's somebody who wanted to come and see him. He had no conception of who we were.

And Allen asked him what he thought of Beckett, Genet, Sartre, Simone de Beauvoir, Henri Michaux, just everybody he could think of. And he waved this thin, blue-veined hand in dismissal: "Every year there is a new fish in the literary pond. It is nothing. It is nothing. It is nothing." he said about all of them.

"Are you a good doctor?" Allen asked.

And he said: "Well... I am reasonable..."

Was he on good terms with the neighbors? Of course not.

"I take my dogs to the village because of the Jeesws. The postmaster destroys my letters. The druggist won't fill my prescriptions...." The barking dogs punctuated his words.

We just sort of walked right into a Celine novel. And he's telling us what shits the Danes were. Then a story about being shipped out during the war. The ship was torpedoed and the passengers are hysterical so he lines them all up and gives each one a big shot of morphine, and they all got sick and vomited all over the boat.

He waved good-bye from the driveway and the dogs were raging and jumping against the fence.

II

NEW YORK, 1947. Burroughs is living in Manhattan. Jack Kerouac, with whom he has collaborated on a detective novel ("which fortunately has never been published—I don't think it's very good"), describes him at home: "William was sitting around talking with that terrible intelligence and style....

Burroughs long and lean in his summer seersucker suit emerging from the kitchen with a plate of razor blades and lightbulbs says, 'I've something real nice in the way of delicacies my mother sent me this week. hmf hmf hmf' (he laughs with compressed lips hugging his belly)...."

Burroughs is not yet seriously interested in writing and neither he nor Capote knows who the other is.



TRUMAN CAPOTE

New American Library

I met Truman Capote at a small dinner in the Village. At this time he was completely unknown and had just had his first story, "Miriam," accepted by *Atlantic Monthly*. I hadn't read the story. When I did later read that, and all these short stories and *Other Voices, Other Rooms*, I was tremendously impressed. Very special talent.

The dinner was given by someone named Mariane Young who lived in the same building. It was quite near Washington Square, possibly on 4th Street. Just a cheap furnished room in the Village sort of atmosphere. There was, as I recall, a Trotskyite present. But I had the impression of Capote that he was intelligent and purposeful, with the air of someone who knows exactly where he is going. He looked actually, in my mind, not unlike he looks now. I didn't have an impression of youth although he was quite young.

We talked about *Rebel Without A Cause*.

III

NEW YORK, 1965. Burroughs is spending the summer months in a loft on

"I had no idea who Dylan was, but I did know he was a young singer just getting started. He said he had a knack for writing lyrics and expected to make a lot of money."

This expedition to see Celine was organized in 1958 by Allen Ginsberg, who had gotten his address from someone. It is in Meudon, across the river from Paris proper. We finally found a bus that let us off in a shower of French transit directions: "Toute droite, Messieurs...." Walked for half a mile in this run-down suburban neighborhood, shabby villas with flaking stucco—it looked sort of like the outskirts of Los Angeles—and suddenly there's this great cacophony of barking dogs. Big dogs, you could tell by the bark. "This must be it," Allen said. Here's Celine shouting at these dogs, and then he stepped into the driveway and motioned to us to come in. He seemed glad to see us and clearly we were expected. We sat down at a table in a paved courtyard behind a two-story building, and his wife who taught dancing—she had a dancing studio—brought coffee.

Celine looked exactly as you would expect him to look. He had on a dark suit, scarves and shawls wrapped around him. The dogs, confined in a fenced-in area behind the villa, could be heard from time to time barking and howling.

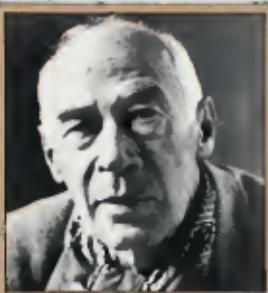
Center Street in Manhattan. The young poet Aram Saroyan remembers him as "a tall, quiet man with a mysterious presence. He simply was there. Utterly motionless and expressionless."

He is approaching the height of his reputation as the messiah of a new American literature. His presence is being felt increasingly and his influence is spreading into film and music. One troubadour who wants to meet him is the young Bob Dylan. Dylan is reading parts of *Naked Lunch* and has read short pieces by Burroughs in Italian magazines on a recent European tour. He tells an interviewer that Burroughs is "a great man."



BOB DYLAN

some of America's other literary heavyweights, but he still maintains the phantom image.



HENRY MILLER



NORMAN MAILER

This was in a small cafe in the Village around 1965. A place where they only served wine and beer. Allen had brought me there. I had no idea who Dylan was. I knew he was a young singer just getting started. He was with his manager, who looked like a typical manager, heavy kind of man with a beard, and Bob Hammond was there. We talked about music. I didn't know a lot about music—a lot less than I know now, which is still very, very little—but he struck me as someone who was obviously competent in his subject. In other words, if his subject had been something that I know absolutely nothing about, such as mathematics, I would still have received the same impression of competence.

Dylan said he had a knack for writing lyrics and expected to make a lot of money. He had a likable, direct approach in conversation, at the same time cool, reserved. Yes, certainly rather reserved. He was very young, quite handsome in a sort of sharp-featured way. He had on a black turtle neck sweater.

IV and V

EDINBURGH, 1962. Burroughs is now considered, by his peers, the most exciting writer in the world. His presence is electric. He begins to meet

"Marcel Duchamp, who invented the urinal, is confronted by the drunken young poet, Gregory Corso. Gregory cut Duchamp's tie in two with scissors."

Trochi, and myself were one such alignment, and I was impressed by Mailer's vigor and confidence. He was a very good man in a press conference, a very good public speaker. We got along very well. I know he's supposed to be difficult at times and all that stuff about who did he hit with a hammer and who hit him with a hammer, but I never found him at all difficult.

VI

PARIS, 1958. Shortly after meeting Celine, Burroughs meets Marcel Duchamp. *Howl* has been published. *Naked Lunch* is about to come out, but, apart from a small coterie, Ginsberg, Corso, and Burroughs are completely unknown. Allen Ginsberg is 30 years old. Burroughs, born in 1914, is 44.



MARCEL DUCHAMP

I first met Henry Miller and Norman Mailer at the Writers Conference in Edinburgh. The conference was organized by John Calder [Burroughs's British publisher] and that's where I met Lawrence Durrell, Richard Hughes [author of *High Wind in Jamaica*], and a number of other people for the first time.

A marginal meeting with Miller: At a large party full of literary people all drinking sherry in the middle of the floor—"So you're Burroughs." "I didn't feel quite up to 'Yes, maître'" and to say "So you're Miller" didn't seem quite right, so I said "A long-time admirer" and we smiled. The next time I met him he did not remember who I was but finally said, "So you're Burroughs."

At the Writers Conference immediate alliances were quickly established. Norman Mailer, Mary McCarthy, Alex

I met Marcel Duchamp in 1958 in the house of Jean Jacques Lebel. Lebel's a character around Paris and New York, a good friend of the whole radical movement of the '60s. His father is a munitions manufacturer and a great patron of the Surrealists.

There was a big luxurious apartment, plenty to drink, and this charade is underway. See, Marcel Duchamp, who invented the urinal, looking rather like an old actor, impeccably suave and good humored, is confronted and challenged by the drunken young poet Gregory Corso. And he really conducted himself like an old pro. I think he even let Gregory cut his tie in two with scissors.

(continued)

Meetings

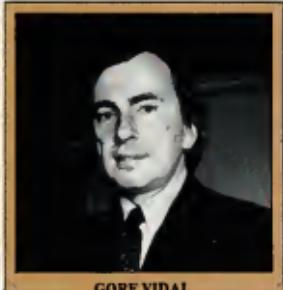
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You know, he'd probably done the same sort of thing at Gregory's age—he understood. He was just a most distinguished old man of letters.

According to Allen Ginsberg: "Peter [Orlovsky], Gregory [Corso], and I brought Burroughs to this party. So we introduced Burroughs to Duchamp. Thinking that they were similar in dry temperament, we requested that Duchamp bless Burroughs by kissing him. So Duchamp did. He kissed Burroughs on the brow. He said he would go along with anything for a gag. I don't think he knew who Burroughs was, but we said Burroughs was our friend and our *Cher Maitre*. I addressed him as *Cher Maitre* and said, 'This is another *Cher Maitre*.'"

VII

NEW YORK, 1961. Burroughs is paying a brief visit. He has just spent a month at Timothy Leary's house in an exclusive suburb of Boston and is about to start writing *Nova Express* when he runs into Gore Vidal, whose *The Judgement of Paris* is on the best-seller list.



GORE VIDAL

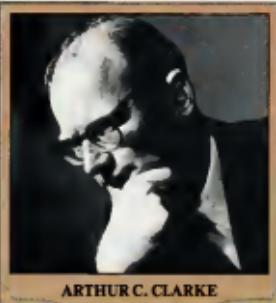
JILL KEROUAC

I met Gore Vidal in the old Minetta Tavern. Jack Kerouac brings someone to the table and introduces him. I didn't get the name and Jack keeps saying, "This is Gore, this is Gore," and finally I catch who it is and I think, "He don't look like his picture."

I expressed admiration for his satirical scenes in *The Judgement of Paris*, and he said he felt satire was his main talent. He expressed interest in the creative process. Then he and Jack wanted to go to this lesbian place where the lesbians are so ferocious, and so anti-male, they'll suddenly just rush up and throw beer all over any man in sight. I certainly didn't want to go to that kind of scene, so I left them on that note.

VIII

NEW YORK, 1959. *Naked Lunch* has been published in Paris but the scandal hasn't broken yet. Burroughs met Clarke through a mutual acquaintance.



ARTHUR C. CLARKE

Erich Hartmann

which John Lennon will later be arrested for possession of hashish. Burroughs is in the middle of his tape recorder, scrapbook, and cut-up experiments that will lead to *The Wild Boys*. He will live in London until 1974.



PAUL McCARTNEY

A friend of mine named Ian Sommerville was in London in 1966 and had a studio placed at his disposal by Paul McCartney to make some tape recorder experiments. That was when the Beatles were just getting into the possibilities of overlaying, running backwards—the full technical possibilities of the tape recorder. And Ian was a brilliant technician along those lines, although he didn't have any formal qualifications and hadn't worked for a studio.

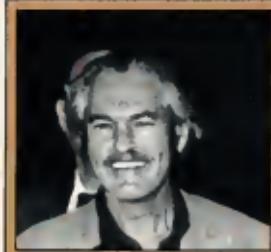
He met Paul McCartney and Paul put up the money for this flat which was at 34 Montague Square. Well, there were people like bodyguards and managers who didn't like this at all and they were always threatening to come around and take the equipment away. So it was kind of an uneasy atmosphere there, and I saw him several times. The three of us talked about the possibilities of the tape recorder. He'd just come in and work on his "Eleanor Rigby." I am recorded his rehearsals. So I saw the song taking shape. Once again, not knowing much about music, I could see he knew what he was doing. He was very pleasant and very prepossessing. Nice looking young man, fairly hardworking.

X

TANGIER, 1961. The psychedelic summer. Burroughs's reputation as a mental outlaw is spreading. He is known to be experimenting with drugs. His son,

"Kerouac and Vidal wanted to go to this lesbian place where the lesbians are so ferocious, they'll suddenly rush up and throw beer all over any man in sight."

William Burroughs, Jr., describes him at the time: "There was an orgone box in the upstairs hall in which my father would sit for hours at a time smoking kief and then rush out and attack his typewriter without warning . . . Bill would be up on the roof every night to watch the colors in the sky as soon as the sun was starting to set. Transfixed and absolutely motionless, right hand holding the perpetual cigarette, lips parting to the sun . . ." Appropriately, Dr. Timothy Leary made Tangier one of his first ports of call.



TIMOTHY LEARY

I first met Timothy Leary at a small hotel on the Calle de Magallenes, Tangier. He had just started some experimental projects. He was at that time still a professor at Harvard. Our meeting was in Michael Portman's room, diagonally across Cook Street from my room in the Hotel Munirin, which had been my headquarters in Tangier for a period of five years. That is, he had gone to my room and someone had directed him to this other room.

Leary was dressed in an immaculate seersucker suit with an FBI or narc look about him—not CIA, that's the Yale/Princeton look. This was St. Louis University, Boston University. Definitely Irish Catholic background in his appearance.

He had come to Tangier to see a number of people, including Allen Ginsberg and Gregory Corso (who had quite a name at that time as poets), Paul Bowles, myself, et al. Naturally he was very interested in the whole drug experience and the expansion of awareness and so forth. It so happened there was a fair in Tangier at that time with performers and dancers and musicians from all over Morocco. We took him around and showed him the dancers and he was very turned on by it.

I remember a blast of purpose that emanated from him. Clearly a man with a mission (my memory presents a briefcase), who knows he has the fix in. Michael Portman said later, "He looks

"Leary was clearly a man with a mission (my memory presents a briefcase), who knows he has the fix in. He had an FBI or narc look about him."

like some kind of intergalactic cop." Later that day I saw him minister to someone who had the majoun horrors, and was struck by his strength and calmness. He did quiet the disturbed subject with a few words. I didn't feel suspicious of him. I felt that he might be, to some extent, shall we say, misleading himself. Rather than others. But he had a very good and very sincere way about him. I liked him at that time and I always have.

A few months after this visit, Burroughs stayed with Leary at his home in Newton, Massachusetts. Immediately after leaving Leary's house, he began *Nova Express: Listen to my last words anywhere. Listen to my last words any world...*

XI

TANGIER, 1969. This glimpse of Brian Jones making his last record conflicts with most descriptions of his behavior around this time. Reliable sources in London report that Brian had become incapable of being a Rolling Stone. At recording sessions he nodded out. At concerts, roadies were given orders to discreetly unplug his amplifier because Brian, hallucinating hordes of large insects crawling on him, was playing shit. Yet here are the words of William Burroughs describing him as "shrewd, perceptive, and accomplished."



BRIAN JONES

I first met Brian Jones in the Parade Bar in Tangier. He had just returned from the Village of Joujouka, where he had recorded the Pipes of Pan music, which after his death was edited and processed in the studio at a cost of about 10,000 pounds. I went back to his room in the Minza and I listened to a selection of a tape made by a sound engineer with two Ubers. Very, very good job of sound engineering. That came out as the record and cassette of *Brian Jones Plays With The Pipes of Pan*.

You see, Brian Jones had died [in June 1969, drowning], and the record company had no plans to do anything about this record which was unfinished at the time of his death. It was in pretty good shape. But the Joujoukan musicians had a union and sent Hamri to London, and with the help of Brian Gysin and an awful lot of fingaling and phone calls with the lawyers who were handling Brian's estate . . . you see there was nothing of Brian Jones himself on the record and it was considered to be misleading, because he didn't play . . . he played with them in one sense: there is a suggestion of that, you see, playing with the Pipes of Pan, playing with the God of Panic. . . . So finally this thing came out and there was eventually some money for the Joujoukan musicians.

When I met him he seemed very shrewd, perceptive, and knowledgeable about music. He had decided to leave in the barking dogs in the background. And apparently he had gotten along very well with the Joujoukan musicians who recognized him as a real fellow professional. He struck me as being thoroughly accomplished. He had this very white yellow hair that sort of got down around his eyes.

XII

BERLIN, 1976. Burroughs, who is currently in good health, wintering in Boulder, Colorado, where he is teaching and completing his new novel *Cities of the Red Night*, recently returned from a brief visit to Berlin. Samuel Beckett was in town directing a play.

(continued)

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Meetings

(continued)



SAMUEL BECKETT

JERRY BAUER

Allen Ginsberg, Susan Sontag, Professor Hollerer, Fred Jordan, and myself were, through the mediation of John Calder [Beckett's English publisher], granted a short audience, or visit, with Beckett. That was about a month ago at the Berlin Academy. He received us graciously in his room overlooking the Tiergarten. He had a large duplex studio, very austere furnished. The conversation was polite and desultory.

I know Beckett's reputation as a recluse. Often this means—as in the case of Howard Hughes—fear of other people. And this is certainly not at all true of Beckett. He seems to simply inhabit a realm where other people are not particularly necessary.

His manner was cool and precise. He was very thin, very trim, dressed in a turtleneck sweater and a sports jacket. He seemed in very good health. He is 70 but looks much younger. We stayed 20 minutes. It was time to go—shook hands, said good-bye.

This is Burroughs's "first" meeting with Beckett, as he chooses to record it. However, Maurice Girodias—the above-mentioned publisher of *Naked Lunch*—reminiscing about his relationship with Burroughs in Paris circa 1959, released this pertinent sidelight: "*I had the idea to arrange a dinner between Burroughs and Beckett with myself as the host in the 13th-century cavernous cellars of my Brazilian nightclub. There were also a couple of lesbians and Iris Owen, who is always very lively and quick-witted, because I thought, you know, we would need a little talk. Neither of them said a word the whole evening.*"

Beckett is probably the living writer for whom Burroughs has the most respect. Asked what he thought of Burroughs, Beckett replied "He's a writer." ■

Suzy "Roach Clip" Alsinger





**Men gave her free pot
for a taste of her
nubile charms.**

Georgetown is an elitist community. The daughters and sons of government officials rank themselves according to the situation of their parents. Down near the bottom of the social strata are the children of known narcotics agents—workers for the DEA. Their peers avoid them, afraid that the sins of their fathers will be visited upon the children. It's a hard life for those young adolescents who can't leave home and the disgrace of their fathers' profession behind them, who must feel unwanted and tainted by the blot on their family name.

Suzy, "Suzy," had never spent her first three years at Georgetown High in a solitude not unlike that of the nuns of Saint Ursula. Her parents, feeling her sadness, agreed to send her to England in her junior year. It was there that Suzy found herself and learned to love the "weed." Suzy also learned about sex—and learned that men would give her free pot for a taste of her nubile charms. Returning to Georgetown, she began to put out feelings and soon found herself the center of a quiet cult of perpetually high and horny seniors.

CONTINUED



Screwing in front of the TV kills sperm.

The Alsingars were pleased with Suzy's new personality and her acceptance by her peers. Little did they know that their redecorated basement playroom had become a smoky one-woman brothel.

"I like my wad," says Suzy, sucking on her opium-covered pencil. "And I like my sex. I feel I'm doing something worthwhile, breaking down archaic cultural taboos and having fun doing it. Getting high and having sex has been

the greatest experience of my life. When I come, I see colors. It's changed my attitude toward life and art."

Afraid her mother would discover birth control pills if she got them, Suzy has found a new method of birth control. "I screw in front of the color television and the radiation kills the sperm. Besides, hearing those voices while I'm coming is a real exhibitionist trip. I just pretend I'm being watched. Bob Hope is really a trip. He's talking about a golf ball

and I'm getting ballad—it's ironic. Re-runs of *The Big Valley* are also far out. I'm sure there's enough radiation emanating from that show to kill off the sperm of three horny men."

Suzy plans to continue her new career next year, when she goes off to college. "But then I'll be able to ball and smoke all the time, not just when my parents are out. And, I won't have to burn that god-awful incense either. I'll let the scent of the pot perfume the air." ■



The scent of the pot will perfume the air.



VIDEO VISTAS

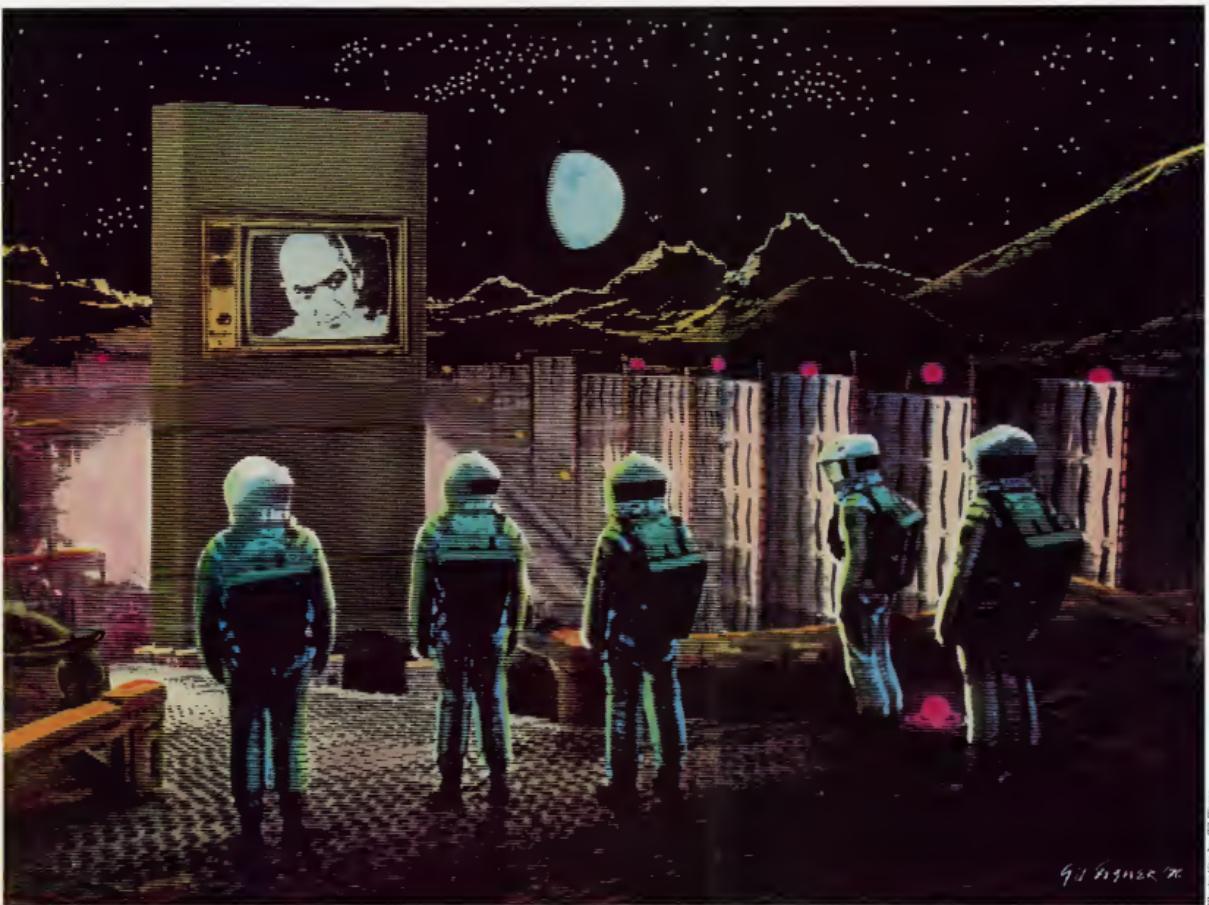
TV in Tomorrow- land Today

by Bob Schneider

Advances in boob tube technology are revolutionizing the medium.

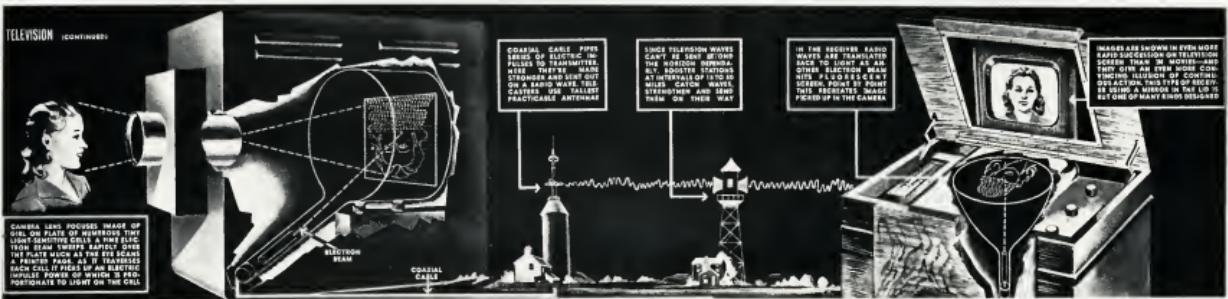
The vast wasteland may soon be a flourishing entertainment oasis.

At this moment the average television viewing time for every man, woman, and child in America is six hours a day. Americans, on the average, spend more time watching television than they do working, or eating, or making love, or reading, or talking to their friends and family, or doing anything except perhaps sleeping. It is a love affair of epic proportions. Until recently, however, there was very little one could do with one's TV set besides turn it on and look at sitcoms, soaps, *Starsky and Hutch*, or whatever the sponsors happened to be backing. This is beginning to change. Having created in the average American a passionate attachment to his television receiver, the industry is now busily spawning new devices to wring greater lifetimes from the box. Six-foot screens, a half-inch video cassette tape deck "as easy to handle as a toaster," electronic video games to be attached to the set in the style of Winky Dink, and a video-disc playback unit are now, or will soon be, tempting us to new techniques of TV pleasure. As TV activity comes more and more under the control of the individual viewer, as the TV set becomes (continued)



GIL ELVGREN '80

Illustration by Gil Elvgren



Betamax liberates TV from reliance on networks for programming material.

How TV worked in 1944—and tomorrow?

Video

(continued)

a more and more personalized tool for satisfaction, network broadcasting may have to undergo a radical transformation in order to hold onto its audience. Old-fashioned, matrimonial-style television as we have known it will soon find itself in competition with its own more liberated offspring.

The current explosion of television technological software is consistent with the history of other mass media. Radio gave rise to a subculture of hard operators. The CB craze is an even more popular extension of wireless technology in which personal communication is translated into personal promotion and gratification. It's been a long time since still photography was the exclusive and magical province of trained professionals. The popularity of movies led to the creation of 16mm film, originally conceived of as home movie film. Eight, super-8, and the new high-speed films have made it possible for every middle-class nuclear family to make epic home movies of their own evolution, creating in the process new cultural bone-piles for anthropological researchers of the future. The same kind of mass distribution of the means of mass media is now under way with television.

Television technology and the industry which exploits its innovations have a history of originality. The first NBC findings in programming uniquely suited to the medium in order to flourish in a competitive market is a fairly recent one in television's history. The word "television" itself was coined in 1903, several

years before the Russian Vladimir Rosing produced the first viable cathode ray tube. It was Rosing's student, Vladimir Zworykin, who came to America and went to work for David Sarnoff at RCA. In 1923 he came up with the iconoscope, the first all-electronic transmitter of TV images. In the '30s, the Russian radio cartel of Sarnoff and Zworykin found the path to patent monopoly blocked by a self-educated Mormon farm boy named Philo T. Farnsworth. Farnsworth independently developed the multipactor amplification system and the diode tube. In 1941 he was the patent suit which eventually forced RCA into cross-licensing agreements with other companies.

Philo Farnsworth staged a public demonstration of his television system for the first time in 1935. The program consisted of a bunch of vaudeville acts and a tennis demonstration by a couple of local Philadelphia pros—the only thing lacking was Ed Sullivan. When it ran out of show biz tricks to televisize, the Farnsworth dissector tube zeroed in on passing traffic, the statue of William Penn atop City Hall, and the moon, effectively prefiguring both Neil Armstrong and Andy Warhol. The press was enthusiastic.

The opening ceremonies of the New York World's Fair of 1939 saw the first public demonstration of the RCA iconoscope system. After the initial rituals and a speech by FDR (the first president to be televised), RCA, like Farnsworth, fell silent. There was no show.

In the most famous assault, Newton Minnow, chairman of the FCC in the Kennedy years, fixed his fish-eye on the tube and declared it a "vast wasteland" of violence, commercials, formulas, and

boredom. The movie industry also attacked television, but from more purely mercenary motives. Television had cut into box office receipts, sending them toppling from their all-time high of \$1.7 billion in 1947 down to \$900 million in 1962. The greatest film attack on TV occurs in Douglas Sirk's masterful soap, *All That Heaven Allows* (1956). The movie tells the story of a recently widowed, middle-aging Jane Wyman, who falls in love with a much younger Rock Hudson, her lowly gardener! Adonis, thus causing chagrin among her peers in the Calvinist country club. Jane's two sappy siblings, are likewise shocked and, in a nightmarish reversal of fortune, become mother's choice of mate. Eventually the kindly old Jane breaks it off with old steady-as-a-rock. In the movie's set piece, they reward their mother by giving her a TV for Christmas. As the set is wheeled in, the salesman recites the lines: "Drama, comedy, all life's parade is now at your fingertips." And, as the tube draws nearer and nearer, reflected in its empty eye is Jane's horrific realization that she has traded in Mr. Natural for Uncle Miltie.

The TV set becomes a permanent fixture in Jane's living room and in most of our lives. We have required more and more TV—TV in new shapes and sizes, TV by satellite and remote control, color TV for garish verisimilitude, portable TV for life on the move. And now fresh innovations. In 1975 alone, an electronics company rolled out a high-quality, compact projector—a television projector equipped with a seven-foot screen on the market. They called it VideoBeam and priced it at \$3,995. It was, they argued, cheaper than a new car, and the

amount of mileage you'll get out of it—years and years of superb entertainment—is beyond compare." The lenticulated material of the screen converts the scanline image of conventional video into a textured, grainy image more closely resembling film. It is a stunning thing to behold and appears to be the wave of the future as far as TV format size is concerned.

While Advent's VideoBeam is the Rolls Royce of video projectors, others less expensive "compact" models are available. The tackiest of these is the Precision Lens System by Macrotron (what's the name!). It retails for \$59.95 and consists of a black box with a projector and a TV set and reflective mirror. By attaching the box and lens to your upside-down A-bomb unit, you modify it so that it projects a six-foot wide image on the opposite wall. An image, however, lacking in intensity and definition, Lafayette Electronics has come up with a projector system which it has seen fit to title Projector-A-Vision—a poetic enough name reminiscent of the very first names given to TV: "electronic vision" and "seeing by wire." Turkey-Vision would be more appropriate. At \$1,395 it is a bargain only until you realize that its format size is 40 per cent smaller than Advent's and its color range is expanded beyond black and white only to include coffee-ground brown. The Muntz-Markoff Home Theatre Projection System (\$1,995) and the Sony Color Video Projection System (\$2,400) are also available for those who are giddy or perverse prefer a smaller format with poorer quality than VideoBeam.

A greatly enlarged image will undoubtedly bring about changes in the

way shows and events are presented. The most natural application of the big new format would be in sports, particularly in football, the sport which is the child of video. It was videotape, most notably the videotape replay (in addition to the Vietnam war), that projected football into the role of heir apparent to baseball vis-a-vis the honored position of national pastime. Slow and plodding as the game is, the videotape replay was able to zoom in on the complexities of violent interaction whose myriad manifestations coalesce into the execution of one play from scrimmage. It was the perfect sport for this kind of video analysis because of the distancing effect the size of the screen provides. You project a TV set and reflective mirror. By attaching the box and lens to your upside-down A-bomb unit, you modify it so that it projects a six-foot wide image on the opposite wall. An image, however, lacking in intensity and definition, Lafayette Electronics has come up with a projector system which it has seen fit to title Projector-A-Vision—a poetic enough name reminiscent of the very first names given to TV: "electronic vision" and "seeing by wire." Turkey-Vision would be more appropriate. At \$1,395 it is a bargain only until you realize that its format size is 40 per cent smaller than Advent's and its color range is expanded beyond black and white only to include coffee-ground brown. The Muntz-Markoff Home Theatre Projection System (\$1,995) and the Sony Color Video Projection System (\$2,400) are also available for those who are giddy or perverse prefer a smaller format with poorer quality than VideoBeam.

A greatly enlarged image will undoubtedly bring about changes in the

(continued)

Video

(continued)

format could allow for a wider angle of coverage that would provide vision of the entire play including the defensive backfield, without necessarily watering down the intensity of the standard tight formation shot that is the convention of the smaller format. Special effects and isolates could be incorporated into the televising of the play as it is happening.

Special events, such as beauty pageants, conventions, and space shots, as well as movies, dramatic shows, and soap operas, would be enhanced by the large format. The Miss America bathing suit competition will take on the grandeur of religious ritual: the modern march of the Vestal Virgins punctuated by the gaping jaws of Bert Parks frozen in a perpetual smile. The crowning of a beauty queen, a real-life (?) queen, or simply a presidential nominee, will be raised to a level of electronic importance paralleling the emotional power these events have in the hearts and minds of the millions who keep alive our tribal traditions. And for those not moved by such earthly concerns, imagine the extraterrestrial goosebumps inspired by one small step for man viewed on one giant television for mankind.

With the large screen, being at home is like being at the movies, as your living room magically converts to a private screening room. No more will he-man favorites like John Wayne or Steve McQueen suffer the indignity of being reduced to a bread-box size more appropriate to Gomer Pyle or Don Knotts. A spectacular can be truly spectacular, whether it be the chariot race in *Ben Hur* or the sacking of Tokyo by Godzilla. And all those steamy love scenes: Bogey and Bacall, Fay Wray and King Kong, Tuesday Weld and Anthony Perkins, Stanwyck and MacMurray, Gable and Harlow—they can all boil and whistle for you like water in a teakettle in the privacy of your living room, where you are free to respond in any way you see fit.

Of the shows indigenous to TV, the genre that will probably gain the most from the new format size is the soap. Already the object of cultish devotion by its acolytes, the soaps have spawned magazines the sole function of which is to synopsize their continuing dramas. There are also many fanzines that promote for the soaps stars' real-life love lives that rival in their intricacy and baroque style the love lives these stars lead in Somerset-Rosehill-Fernwood-Landfair. Now these figures can achieve the size of life to complement the imita-

The seven-foot TV has become the displaying vehicle for video match-making services.

tion of life that has created such a strong emotional force-field for their fans.

But all is not paradise in the world of giant TV. There are problems of both an economic and aesthetic nature. Its high price has so far limited most purchases to bars and restaurants out to boost business through the introduction of attractive novelties. For those who do buy it for the home there is a space problem. One room must remain eternally darkened, and even with a darkened room the colors are a little thin and on the bleached side. The image tends toward green, so much so that the screen is edged in green and the people look a bit green around the gills, like they're about to become sick. Beyond these considerations is the fact that some commercials and shows, rather than being enhanced by the large size, become grotesque. In dog food commercials, the stewy, gooey brown mass of fecal-like matter (resembling in its way Hunt's Manwich or Hamburger Helper) is flat-out disgusting. Whereas a postage-stamp size Mr. Whipple is merely silly, a seven-foot roll of Charmin is a hallucination with hideous implications, and while *Let's Make a Deal* is grisly for the hip anthropologist's mill within the context of his 19-inch Triton—the dazzling colors bouncing off the costumes of the genetically deficient, hoping to win a barrelful of conspicuous consumer goods—on seven-foot TV the whole thing takes on the nightmare intensity of a bleached lycergic bummer.

In its most interesting adaptation to date, the seven-foot TV has become the displaying vehicle for the mushrooming video match-making services. An old-fashioned dating service has you answer a questionnaire. The answers are fed into a computer which then spits out the phone number of a copacetic member of the opposite sex. In video matchmaking, the mate-seeker answers questions while staring into the unblinking eye of a Sony color camera. After the three-minute interrogation is over, the client is shown a mug book filled with the Polaroid likenesses of potential friends. Several are chosen and the client retires to another room where

he/she is shown their tapes played through an Advent. The client makes a selection. The chosen one is then shown the chooser's tape and if he/she also approves, the male is given the female's number and a date is arranged. It's a matchmaking scheme that lures the customers with the attractive come-on of starring in their own commercials. There are even video-mating shows on cable. Three-minute loops of potential dreamboats and cuties are beamed into the home to strike you at any hour of the day or night with a video-thunderbolt.

At about the same time that Advent released VideoBeam, Sony was placing Betamax on the market. Betamax ("Second-Best"?) is another futuristic television unit. There are two types—the economy model which costs \$1,400 and is a deck designed to be attached to your present color receiver, or the luxury model, \$2,400, which comes equipped with a 19-inch Triton. Betamax offers the luxury of being able to watch one show while taping up to an hour of another show on a different channel. Projecting onto the squabbling American family unit, Sony's snappy patter promotes Betamax thusly: "Until now you could only fight over what TV shows to watch, now you can also fight over what TV shows to record."

Since Betamax is a playback unit making the receiver a monitor as well, it expands the dimensions and possibilities of the TV, liberating it and its viewers from reliance on the networks and local channels for programming material. Optional with the purchase of Betamax is a video camera making possible the taping of all family functions and their instant replay on the TV. Whenever a family tires of Maude, Mary, Rhoda, and the Fonz, they can put on their own shows and watch them. Recently people have begun to opt for videotape as the medium in which to record for their nostalgic old age the important events of their lives. Advertisements by people prepared to videotape your life have begun to proliferate in the backs of many newspapers and magazines. That people have chosen the often muddy and irresolute quality of half-inch videotape over the more elegant textured richness of film testifies to the compelling nature of the medium.

Betamax also gives you the chance to view specially prepared video-cassettes. Time-Life Multimedia has a catalog of videotapes available for rental or purchase. These include Dick Cavett teaching speed reading and Bobby Morse of *How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying* teaching a course in how to succeed by really pushing yourself. Julia Child's greatest hits sell for \$150. See Julia prepare chicken breast risotto, see

Julia making caramel candy. Of the movies, *King Kong* and *Citizen Kane* go for \$495 each. Sony has just signed a deal with Paramount so that soon many of its films—hopefully including its 1938 technicolor featurette on Philo Farnsworth and the development of the all-electronic television—will soon be available.

If your interest, you can rent or buy video art from either Leo Castelli, 420 W. Broadway, or Electronics Arts Intermix, 84 Fifth Avenue. Intermix offers *The Carol and Ferd Show*, a real-life precursor of *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*. The Carol and Ferd tapes suggest the huge potential of video as a personal medium. This is the TV of the future, home TV cut loose from sponsors' anxieties, Nielsen ratings, and the need to be approved by public standards of "good taste." Carol and Ferd were a young couple living in the San Francisco area. She was working her way through college acting in porn movies. He was a bisexual junkie. They were in love. Two video artists, Arthur Ginsberg and Skip Sweeney, equipped with Portapaks, followed them around for a year, chronicling in 90 or so half-hour episodes their stormy, modern relationship through marriage and its dissolution. The wedding night sequence was especially crazy. In order to pay for the wedding, Carol and Ferd agreed to perform their nuptial screw for the making of a porn movie. Ferd couldn't get it up.

The problem with *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* is that, for all the superficial appearances of crossing into uncharted territory, it remains just an updated, smug, and self-satisfied satirical version of *The Guiding Light* at the *Edge of Night* with unearthly traces of *I Love Lucy* and *Father Knows Best*. Probably its worst faults are the relentless lampoon humor and its pat predictability, which is not founded on any inherent intransigent tragedy but rather on its flat two-dimensionality. And the only way that two-dimensional characters and themes can be exploited for artistic purposes is by a primitive who essentially knows no better. If Sam Fuller did *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*, it probably would have been a work of art, but then *The Village Voice* wouldn't have picked up on it.

Carol and Ferd, which in many ways parallels *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman*, has the virtuous economy of concentrating all of the diffuse characters of the latter into two people. Carol has the quick intelligence that Mary aspires to, the easy sexuality that is Cathy's albatross, and Loretta's groovy spunk. Ferd like Tom is a junkie, like Ed a faggot, and like Charlie a family man. But Carol and Ferd are real and when one watches Carol cry or Ferd chain-

Among the movies most in demand on the video black market are John Wayne westerns, '30s musicals, and '50s sci-fi.

smoke because of the pain that they feel, one doesn't have to pull back in hip reflex and chant over and over again, "It's only a satire." It's not. And because it's not, it has all the power of the real soaps with the added booster that every action is true, every emotion felt.

Betamax has even given birth to a black-market cottage industry, the taping of series and movies for exportation to lonely American exiles pining to hear MTM's real voice or Archie's bell-like Queens accent. Some of these black market entrepreneurs have as many as ten Betamaxes distributed among their acquaintances, whom they pay \$10 a shot to record a particular show. *The Bionic Woman*, *George Burns and Gracie Allen*, and *Star Trek* are *very popular* in the world of black-market cassettes. Among the movies most in demand are John Wayne westerns, '30s musicals, and '50s sci-fi.

Here are two proposed video-disc systems soon to be marketed.

They are, true to the cutthroat capitalist principles upon which this nation was founded, completely incompatible with each other. One is probably doomed from the beginning. If so, let that be the RCA version so that the more space-age laser beam MCA-Phillips may survive. Both will be priced in the \$500 range, with the discs running anywhere from \$2 to \$10. The RCA will look like a conventional turntable with the playback produced by a tone arm and stylus device. The more aesthetically pleasing MCA-Phillips will employ a laser beam to read the disc's grooves and play them back.

All kinds of discs will be marketed. Undoubtedly, feature movies including porn will be among the big sellers. Personally, I would like to see these discs be the impetus for the reappearance of old TV shows like *My Little Margie*. Margie was the pre-liberated MTM, living in gilded splendor in the penthouse apartment of her father Vern, the upright bachelor stockbroker always in dutch with his boss Mr. Honeywell and his constant but unfucked companion Hilary. Across the hall was Mrs. Odets, the original crazy old lady. In a modern

series she would probably be living with a college freshman, but the most outrageous thing she ever did back in the '50s was threaten to run off to a nudist camp. And then there was Freddy, the no-account eternal fiance. The object of Vern's contempt and Margie's pity, he was the prototype of the prickless wonders later to hover around Mary, Samantha, Jeannie, and That Girl.

Another series worthy of resurrection at \$2 a disc is *The St. Elmo Show*. This bizarre version of *Father Knows Best*, complete with schwartzie Willie Best for race humor, revolved around the absolute incompetence of papa Stu. The brains in the family were stored in the noggin of his small daughter, who went on to greater glory as Zelda Gilroy, Thalia Menninger's replacement and Dwayne Hickman's female foil on *The Many Loves of Dobie Gillis*.

The show most ripe for revival is the brilliant but ill-fated *My Mother the Car*, starring Jerry Van Dyke and the voice of Ann Sothern. In the first episode, Jerry buys an antique Ford and finds when he turns on the radio that the voice of his dead mother comes out. The obligatory scene in each episode had Jerry going out to the garage to get woman-whopped by his mother, the car. Lights blinking and horn honking, Ann Sothern would boss her son, America was not yet ready for such a show.

We can also expect greatest moments discs—Bernard Barker testifying before the Watergate committee, Lee Harvey Oswald filling with lead, Martin Luther King having a dream, Neil Armstrong taking a big step for mankind, and the birth of the *Bionic Woman*.

The liberation from network programming that is inherent in the Betamax and video-disc systems may pay a surprise dividend. The Russians have recently released a report claiming that the radiation used to hurl TV waves through the atmosphere contributes to the psychic deterioration of humans and can even cause nervous breakdowns. It looks as if the social scientists who delivered those early blasts at TV were substantially correct except that the problem is in TV's form rather than its content. The movement away from ether transmission to cable and personal transmission may save the culture at large from a collective breakdown. What is certain, however, is that if this threat to network programming gets serious to the point where advertisers look for new ways to shuck their planned obsolescences, the future of network TV will depend not on whether Mary hints that she might have done it, so much as it will depend on Mary, Rhoda, and Archie doing a threesome on prime time. ■

MAX FLASHER
STUDIOS PRESENTS

ONCE UPON A TIME A BABY WAS BORN TO A POOR WOODCUTTER AND HIS WIFE...

ARGH!
ARRGH!!

HEY, YOU'RE A PRETTY POOR WOODCUTTER, YOU KNOW? LET'S GO IN - I'M GONNA GIVE BIRTH!

IT WAS NOT A NORMAL CHILD...

HOW THE HELL DO YOU BREAST-FEED A TWO-INCH BABY?

Fucked-up Fairy Tails

"Tom Finger"

HE GREW TO BE ONLY FOUR INCHES TALL, SO HIS PARENTS NAMED HIM "TOM FINGER."

TOM FOUND HIS SHORT STATURE AN ADVANTAGE AT TIMES...

...ALTHO IT WAS GENERALLY RATHER FRUSTRATING AS HE GOT OLDER.

HEL-PUH!!

SCHOOL DAYS, SCHOOL DAYS...

SORRY, TOM -
I DON'T FEEL A THING.
YAWN!

ONE DAY, TOM WALKED THROUGH THE FOREST, CURSING HIS FATE -



A GOOD FAIRY, HANGING OUT IN A NEARBY FLOWER, HAPPENED TO HEAR...



THITH ITH MY GOOD DEED FOR THE DAY!



Sounds Survey

The Quintessential 100

We asked Jeff Goldberg, our ding-a-ling telephone reporter, to get on the horn and put this question to musicians of varying persuasions (all, however, falling under the rock/pop/folk rubric): "What do you consider the most essential records in your collection?"

Some of the artists mentioned are a bit obscure (Topper Zukie? Om Khalzoum?), and others rather predictable (Beatles, Stones, Dylan). Very few were mentioned more than once, and none more than twice.

Check out these responses. How many of these records do you own?



DAVID BYRNE

- (1) Marvin Gaye—*What's Going On*.
- (2) Jackson Five—*G.I.T.*.
- (3) Beach Boys—*Pet Sounds*.
- (4) The Modern Lovers—*The Modern Lovers*.
- (5) Al Green—*Living for You*.



JOHN CALE

- (1) Billy Swan—*Red Sovine's Phantom 409*.
- (2) Frank Sinatra—*Only the Lonely*.
- (3) Beach Boys—*15 Big Ones*.
- (4) Anything by Om Khalzoum. "The great Egyptian singer. She's a friend of Sadat's."



SPENCER DAVIS

- (1) The Beatles—*Rubber Soul*. "Everybody should have one."
- (2) The first Crosby, Stills and Nash album.
- (3) Bob Marley—*Natty Dread*.
- (4) The single "Honky Tonk Women" by the Rolling Stones. "A classic right from the opening cowbell."
- (5) A 78 rpm, "The Pearls" by Jelly Roll Morton.
- (6) The original ten-inch recording of Leadbelly's *Classics in Jazz*, includes: "Good Night Irene," "Backwater Blues," "On a Christmas Day." "The combination of Leadbelly's 12-string guitar and Paul Masson Howard's zither is fascinating for anyone who's into string sounds."



RICK DERRINGER

- (1) Jimi Hendrix—*Axis Bold As Love*.
- (2) Jeff Beck—*Beckole*.
- (3) Rolling Stones—*Let It Bleed*.
- (4) Led Zeppelin—*Houses of the Holy*.
- (5) Jimi Hendrix—*Electric Ladyland*.

"It's hard for me to pick favorites. I'm too much of a record freak. Every time I'm home I usually go to the record store and buy all the records that are currently supposed to be really liked, because I'm usually the person that's currently really liking them."



FLO AND EDDIE

- (1) David Bowie—*Hunky Dory*.
- (2) Beach Boys—*Smiley Smile*.
- (3) Beatles' white album.
- (4) Kinks—*Village Green Preservation Society*.
- (5) Tim Buckley—*Goodbye & Hello*.



JANIS IAN

- (1) The Beatles—*Rubber Soul* (Capitol).
- (2) Billie Holiday—*God Bless the Child* (Commodore).
- (3) Bob Dylan—*Highway 61 Revisited* (CBS).
- (4) Edith Piaf—*Best of Piaf* (Capitol).
- (5) Joan Baez—*First Ten Years* (Vanguard).
- (6) John Williams—*Complete Bach Lute Music* (CBS).
- (7) Toscanini—*Revel's Daphnis and Chloe* (RCA).
- (8) Aretha Franklin—*Amazing Grace* (Atlantic).
- (9) Rolling Stones—*Beggars Banquet* (Atlantic).
- (10) Stravinsky—*Stravinsky Conducts Stravinsky* (*Odyssey*).

(continued)

(continued)



DAVID JOHANSON

- (1) Howard Tate—*Howard Tate* (Verve V6-5072). "The most definitive R&B album ever made. Every song is highly polished. Easy to listen to, plus it's heavy."
- (2) *The Forgotten Million Sellers* (King 792). Includes: the original "Dedicated to the One I Love" by the Three Degrees; "Let's Go, Let's Go, Let's Go," Hank Ballard; "Good Morning Judge," Wyoni Harris; "I Want a Bow-legged Woman," Bullmoose Jackson; "Come Home," Bubba Jackson; "Night Train," James Brown; others.
- (3) *Roots: The Rock and Roll Sound of Louisiana and Mississippi*. (Folkways FJ2865).
- (4) The single "Games People Play" by the Spinners. "I've been playing it for about two months."
- (5) The Ronettes—*Presenting the Fabulous Ronettes*
- (6) *Love Those Goodies* (Checker & Chess). Includes: "Sugar Boy," Bo Diddly; "I Ain't No Secret," Jimmy Witherspoon; "Lima Beans," Eddie Champlin; "Walkin' the Blues," Willie Dixon; others.
- (7) Frank Sinatra—*Come Fly with Me, Sinatra Swings, Come Swing with Me, Old Blue-eyes Is Back*. "You have to have a Frank Sinatra album in your essentials."
- Most of the records I play aren't songs I'll hear on the radio. I listen to the radio to hear the hits. I don't buy that many hits until they're not hits anymore and I miss them."



LENNY KAYE

- (1) Topper Zukie—*Man Ah Warrior* (Count Shelley Records—Import).
- (2) Tommy Facenda—*High School U.S.A.* (Atlantic). "This record contains 28 versions of the same song which were released in 28 different cities, each version using the name of a different high school."
- (3) Chet Atkins and Les Paul—*Chester and Lester* (RCA).
- (4) The Patti Smith Group—*Radio Ethiopia* (Arista).



LaBELLE

Patti LaBelle

- (1) LaBelle—*LaBelle*.
- (2) LaBelle—*Moonshadow*.
- (3) LaBelle—*Nightbirds*.
- (4) LaBelle—*Phoenix*.
- (5) LaBelle—*Chameleon*.

Nona Hendryx:

- (1) Stevie Wonder—*Talking Book*.
- (2) The Beatles' white album.
- (3) Aretha Franklin—*Spirit in the Dark*.
- (4) Randy Newman—*Sail Away*.

- (5) Bill Withers—*Justments*.

Sarah Dash:

- (1) Donny Hathaway—*Extensions of a Man* (Side 1).
- (2) Marvin Gaye—*What's On*.
- (3) Bill Withers—*Just Making Music*.
- (4) Richard Pryor—*Is It Something I Said*.
- (5) Bill Cosby—*Ain't Been Myself Lately*.



LANCE LOUD

- (1) The Kinks—*The Great Lost Kinks Album*.
- (2) Any Eno album.
- (3) The Incredible String Band—*Wee Tam and Big Huge*.
- (4) Beatles—*Beatles Six*.
- (5) Rolling Stones—*Satanic Majesties Request*.



DICK MANITOBA

- (1) The Who—*The Who Sell Out*.
- (2) Beach Boys—*The Beach Boys Today*.
- (3) David Bowie—*Ziggy Stardust*.
- (4) Every Velvet Underground album.
- (5) All the Stones albums.

"I like music in cars, at parties, and in bars. I don't listen to records that much; I'm much more into TV."



KASH MONET

- (1) Bach—*The Art of the Fugue*.
- (2) Led Zeppelin—*Physical Graffiti*.
- (3) Elton John—*Elton John's Greatest Hits*.
- (4) Benny Goodman—*Jazz Concerts at Carnegie Hall, 1937-38*. "Swing music was dance music, for kids, and though a lot of the swing-era musicians were heavy musicians, they tempered themselves to play for the people, which I think is a good thing."
- (5) Karl Heinz Stockhausen—*Complete Piano Music*. "I always listen against my strengths. Musicians always listen in terms of ego—can I do this or can I do that, can I do better. I don't know a musician who really enjoys music."



JIMMY MORRISON
AND JOHN DESALVO

- (1) Jethro Tull—*This Was*.

- (2) Richard Pryor—*That Nigger's Crazy*.
 (3) Led Zeppelin's first album.
 (4) Small Faces—*Ogden's Nut Gone Flake*.
 (5) Pink Floyd—*Piper at the Gates of Dawn*.
 (6) Beatles—*Abbey Road*.
 (7) Slade—*Stamp Your Hands and Clap Your Feet*.
 (8) Yardbirds—*Five Live*.



SUZI QUATRO

- (1) Otis Redding—*Live*.
 (2) Otis Redding—*Dock of the Bay*.
 (3) Bad Company's first album.
 (4) Z.Z. Top's second album.
 (5) All the early Motown albums.



LOU REED

Six singles, no albums.
 (1) Eddie and Emile—“Outcast”
 (2) Righteous Brothers—“You've Lost That Loving Feeling”
 (3) Crazy Elephant—“Gimme Gimme Good Lovin’”
 (4) Lorraine Ellison—“Stay with Me Baby”
 (5) Karen Dalton—“Something on Your Mind”
 (6) Manfred Mann—“Pretty Flamingo”
 “These of course are favorite records other than my own.”

TOM RUSH

- (1) Beatles—*Sergeant Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* (Capitol).
 (2) The Swan Silver Tones (Peacock).
 (3) Robert Johnson—*Robert Johnson: King of the Delta*

Since the results of this mini-survey are inconclusive, to say the least, we thought we'd conduct a wider scale reader poll, and perhaps find more albums that are mentioned with notable frequency, and eventually come up with a consensus on the quintessential rock/pop/folk LPs.

Suppose the government were collecting material to be placed in a time capsule that would provide information about our culture for succeeding generations, and you were asked to submit a list of the ten albums you considered to be the most significant representations of rock/pop/folk music over the past 20 years.

Think it over, and record the results of your cogitations in the space provided. Clip and mail to Essential Rock Survey, NATIONAL SCREW, 116 West 14th Street, New York, N.Y. 10011.

We couldn't care less, but if for some strange reason you want to let us know who you are, feel free to do so.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

- Blues (Columbia).
 (4) Sonny Boy Williamson—*Sonny Boy Williamson Story* (Vol. 4) (Biograph).
 (5) Lord Buckley—*The Best of Lord Buckley* (Reprise).
 (6) Music of the Bahamas (Folkways).
 (7) The Band—*Big Pink* (Capitol).
 (8) Otis Redding—*Otis Blue* (Volt).
 (9) Stevie Wonder—*Songs in the Key of Life* (Motown).



CARLOS SANTANA

- (1) Hovanez—*Mysterious Mountain* (RCA).
 (2) Gabor Szabo—*Concorde* (Concorde Jazz).
 (3) The Beatles—*Abbey Road* (Apple/Capitol).
 (4) Miles Davis—*Sketches of Spain* (CBS).
 (5) John Coltrane—*Ballads* (Impulse).
 (6) Jimi Hendrix—*Electric Ladyland* (Reprise).
 (7) Cream—*Fresh Cream* (Polydor—Import).
 (8) Mahavishnu John McLaughlin—*Between Nothingness & Eternity* (Unreleased).
 (9) Santana—*Caravanserai* (CBS).



PATTI SMITH

- (1) Jimi Hendrix—*Electric Ladyland*.
 (2) Bob Dylan—*Highway 61 Revisited*.
 (3) The Doors—*L.A. Woman*.
 (4) Alan Hovhaness—*Fra Angelico* (Poseidon).
 (5) Dadawah—*72 Different Nations* (Trojan Records).

RONNIE SPECTOR

Two essential singles:

- (1) Lou Rawls—“You'll Never Find Another Love Like Mine”
 (2) Elton John & Kiki Dee—“Don't Go Breaking My Heart”

Here is my list of the ten quintessential rock/pop/folk LPs:

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____
6. _____
7. _____
8. _____
9. _____
10. _____

TAX REVOLT

by Ray Schultz

HELL NO, WE WON'T PAY

The American taxpayer has always been recognized as the most cooperative in the world. As a rule, he simply pays his taxes, and goes about his business.

Lately, however, a growing number of Americans have been changing their docile tax-paying ways, and are refusing to file or pay. "We're calling the government's bluff," says Artie McBearney, of the United States Taxpayer's Union, a resistance group in Southern California. "If they call us in for an audit, we'll tell them no. If that isn't emphatic enough for them, we'll tell them hell no! They can't do a damned thing to us."

According to McBearney, ten million people, from one end of the political spectrum to the other, are now taking such a stand. He founded his own group, one of the biggest tax resistance organizations in the country, after a tax battle with his local assessor. Today, he and his cohorts claim to have half a million subscribers, mostly self-employed people like doctors and dentists, who don't file and presumably get away with it. For \$150 a year, McBearney sends his membership a newsletter outlining the latest tax resistance methods, and also offering legal help for those who may be dragged into court. "The Congress has no right to be giving our subsistence away to a bunch of Arabs and Jews and aborigines. We're simply telling them, 'You've pissed away enough.'"

BICENTENNIAL REVOLT

The movement is being referred to as "the Bicentennial Taxpayer's Revolt" by the media. The IRS refuses to call it a revolt, but tacitly acknowledges that five million people are not filing each year. "There's no way of knowing," says one agent, who works in D.C. "In the best of times, we have 3 per cent who don't comply. These people are bums. They're usually from Greece or Italy, or some such place. They hate the government where they come from, and they hate the government here. You go to see them, and ask them their name, and they look at you cockeyed, and say, 'My name? I don't know my name.' Unless they owe us a lot of money, we don't even bother with them. The government is not going to go after someone who makes \$3,000 a year." Resisters, on the other hand, say the movement is quite serious indeed. "We're costing the government \$8 billion a year," claims one. "That's an awful lot of money. Jack Anderson even says so."

Methods of resisting are fairly universal among the groups. The most popular is to plead the Fifth Amendment on the return, on the grounds that you

may incriminate yourself. Bill Drexler, a lawyer in Minnesota, says he beat the government by pleading the Fifth in 1973. "I stopped filing in 1964. They brought me to trial on three different counts of willful failure to file. I told the jury that since I was a lawyer, I had to plead the Fifth because I didn't want to get into trouble with the Bar Association because of possible outside activity. They acquitted me in 15 minutes."

Drexler, whose law career was nonetheless ruined, moved to California, where he now earns top dollar lecturing would-be tax resisters, and publishes the *Patriot News*, a monthly newsletter with an anti-government slant. He says that the Fifth Amendment tactic is almost foolproof, but warns that you can blow it if you don't use your head in court. He cites the case of his friend Jim Scott, who didn't file, was convicted of willful failure, and sentenced to three years. "He asked for it," Drexler says. "Somebody burned down an IRS office, and he wrote them a couple of letters saying he hoped they'd all be burned down. The letters were admitted into evidence. He's in a halfway house now."

SLAP ON THE WRIST

The tax resisters say that the government has not been able to beat them on this point. In most cases, the IRS makes out the return itself, and enforces it if at all possible. According to Artie McBearney, only four or five people are currently being prosecuted, and if convicted, the most they are likely to get is a slap on the wrist. "They can't beat us on it."

Another method of resisting is to refuse to file on the ground that persons who do not earn \$750 a year are not eligible to be taxed. According to this theory, the Constitution defines a dollar by the amount of silver backing it up in the treasury. Nowadays, the dollar isn't backed up by anything but the good will of the Federal Reserve, making it "mere toilet paper," according to one tax resister. "How can we judge our income when we don't know the real value of a dollar?"

Like every other method, this one demands serious thought. Some judges say it is not valid, unless you refused to accept the worthless money in the first place. "Most of the time, they throw the issue right out of court, they don't want to hear about it," says Lyle Cunningham, who runs a small counseling service with former investment adviser Rene Baxter in Phoenix. "This is hypocritical when you consider that some of these same judges recently filed a suit, saying that their earning power had decreased because of inflation, and they wanted a raise. They recognize that the value of the dollar has gone down, but they refuse to consider our argument."

Cunningham and Baxter put out a newsletter, in which they tell how to beat the tax structure at all levels. Another method, still being developed, is to cut your tax by taking your value in "silver," and dividing it into your income on today's market by four. "The IRS has strategies to beat everything," says Cunningham. "They can come in just like the Gestapo and take what they want, with no court order or anything. But most of the court cases are selective. They prosecute when they know they'll win, and set a precedent. Other cases they just stick in their sensitive file, and that's the last you ever hear of it."

HARASSING THE IRS

McBearney's group has developed tactics that go even further in harassing the IRS. One of these is to draw out the audit process, until it costs the government more money than it can possibly collect. Randomly selected by the computer, most of the 1.5 million audits a year are done by accountants, who go over the returns with a razor-toothed comb, making arbitrary disallowances as they see fit. The burden is on the taxpayer to prove he is not a crook. "Most people get upset, and go right down there with their receipts," says McBearney. "But you should never show that they're getting to you. We learned that the hard way."

The first thing to do when being audited, he says, is to send down a notarized affidavit, swearing that everything you said on the return is true, under pain of perjury. Then you send a blank affidavit to the agent, requesting that he fill it out and send it back within ten days, stating that he either accepts your return as true, or is calling you a liar. If he calls you a liar, it's slander, and McBearney vows he will sue the first agent who does it. The next thing is to refuse to provide the receipts, even though they may exonerate you. Instead, you request a district conference, the second level of the audit procedure (the overwhelming majority of cases are settled on the first). "It takes the time of

two or more employees to go over it with you," McBearney says.

When they ask you for the proof, you say, "I have it, but I don't want to give it to you." They'll probably continue the disallowance, and then you go to the next step, an appellate conference, where you again refuse to give them the proof, tying up weeks of their time. Ultimately, you request a hearing in tax court, where all the civil cases are tried. This can delay the thing for up to a year, for there are only 16 tax judges in the entire country, who rotate from city to city, trying some 15,000 cases a year. When you go to court, you finally produce the receipts. "It's cost them \$12,000, and they didn't get anything," McBearney says. "They say you have to pay—hogwash. I make them pay."

This all sounds good on paper, but it is no doubt just as costly to the individual as it is to the IRS. For one thing, there is a 1 per cent penalty on cases that go to tax court, and there are lawyer's fees as well. "These people are only hurting themselves," says a tax accountant who handles many big clients. "The IRS has the power to give them an awful lot of trouble. They can audit them every year until they wither away." But McBearney and company say no. "Once you whip them, they keep their hands off you. They're only interested in collecting money."

THE IRS IS UNCONSTITUTIONAL

Most of the people who lead the tax rebellion are conservative or right-wing, but there are also groups on the opposite side of the political spectrum. One is the War Tax Resistance, which continues to plod along, even though its broad mass of support ended with the Vietnam war. In general, they urge people to resist the tax by much the same methods as everyone else—not filing, or pleading the Fifth. "The existence of the IRS is unconstitutional," says a spokesman for the group. "It's unconstitutional that they act as a collection agency for the military and that you have to file a return and therefore incriminate yourself. We think it's unconstitutional that we are paying these huge amounts of taxes to support the American empire around the world."

Today, the league has people in several cities, including approximately 500 in New York. They demonstrate out-

side the IRS offices every April 15th, and whenever they hear of a house being seized. They also counsel people on how to avoid paying both income and telephone taxes, in frequent mailings.

Beating the telephone tax is simple enough. You just pay your ordinary phone bill, minus the 10 per cent federal tax. The phone company doesn't particularly care, and the IRS rarely pursues it, because it costs them something like \$70 to collect your measly two or three dollars.

On income tax, some of the War Tax Resistance people file the Fifth; but others, whose salaries are subject to withholding tax, declare 25 dependents so that no money is withheld. "We advise people against that course," says the WTR spokesman. "If they get you on fraud, it doesn't raise any of the moral or constitutional issues, and the IRS loves

(continued)

(continued)

that. They'll do anything to avoid confronting the issues." In a typical case, 65-year-old Martha Tranquilly was convicted of fraud, and spent a year in federal prison in California.

As for the people who file the Fifth,

most of them are under constant threat of having their property seized. "We advise people never to let IRS agents into their homes. Especially if you have no political protection, they'll pull right up and take whatever they want. Some people, to avoid a quick grab, take their

case into tax court, and give the WTR the money to hold. We distribute it through the People's Life Fund, which contributes to various community programs. If they lose the case, we give them the money back. It's like an interest-free loan from the IRS."

QUAKERS, MENNOMITES, & THE UNIVERSAL LIFE CHURCH

Similarly, there are Quakers and Mennonites who refuse to pay taxes on moral grounds. Though they have no ongoing program of resistance, many refuse to file, or to pay that percentage (\$1.6) which they claim goes to the military. (One woman declared all the children of Vietnam as her dependents.) Three years ago, a Pennsylvania judge ruled that the IRS had no right to force the American Friends Service Committee, a Quaker group, to withhold income taxes from employees who objected. One of the people in the suit, Lorraine Cleveland, started resisting war tax back in 1949, with her late husband Bill. To make the point, they withheld their estimated tax every year, and sent double the amount to the Children's Bureau. Every year, on schedule, the IRS seized the money directly from Bill Cleveland's salary. "We don't have any program," said a Friends spokesman, "but many of our people are fed up with the way the government spends our money—particularly the \$11.4 billion on defense. Whether they resist or not is a matter of personal conscience."

Another religious group that helps its members avoid taxes is the Universal

Life Church, which sells ministerships for \$35 apiece. Under the direction of Kirby J. Hensley, they recently converted an entire village, in Hardenburg, New York. A portion of their gospel states: "According to law, taxpayers can donate up to 50 per cent of their net taxable income to the church of their choice. There's no law that says the Chartered Church of the ULC, of which you are Pastor, cannot be the 'church of your choice.' If you are the Pastor of a ULC Chartered Church, the church can provide you with a place to live; the church can pay for utilities, telephone, even a maid and gardener, if needed; the church can buy or lease a car for the use of its Pastor and pay for the gas, oil, insurance, repairs, and license; the church can pay the medical, dental, and hospital needs of its employees; the church can buy property, which has rental income, but not pay taxes on the rents received. All of this is legal—and not taxable to you, the Pastor." But the IRS clearly isn't impressed. "If you want to pass yourself off as a church, you have to prove you're a church," says one agent. "These people can't do that—I don't care what they say."

KISSING THE COUNTRY GOODBYE

Of course, most of these scams are very unpatriotic, but that doesn't stop people from trying to beat the government in any way possible. "What do you expect?" says Bill Bonnor, of the National Taxpayer's Union, a lobby in Washington. "People are fed up with the government. They think it's gone too far. They figure that if all these other guys can get away with it, why shouldn't *they*?" According to the aforementioned IRS agent, this attitude is now fairly common among many taxpayers, but not among those in the 70 per cent bracket who know how to get around the laws. "The rich can operate," he says. "They like strict tax laws. It's the guy in the middle who can't afford to comply, because he's being nickel-and-dimed to death. He has to become a crook, even if he doesn't want to."

This agent, who wishes to remain anonymous, admits that a general tax revolt *might* be happening, but says it could succeed only if the entire IRS joined in and went on strike and refused to collect. "If that ever happened, the big shots would summon the National Guard and the army and they would lock up all 80,000 IRS personnel and shoot every damned one of them. And I don't blame them. If people ever get the idea that the government can't collect, you can kiss this country good-bye."

UP AGAINST THE WALL, TAXMAN

The unofficial hero of the Bicentennial Taxpayer's Revolt is Lasasundar Hudson. In 1972, four IRS agents came to his laundry in Memphis and tried to collect \$167 that he owed them on his audit. When he told them he didn't have the cash (a check for that amount had already bounced), they said they would accept his equipment or anything else that was available. Instead of meekly complying, as Americans have

done for the past 60 years, he pulled out a gun and told them to stand up against the wall. As a crowd gathered outside, he held them hostage until the governor of Tennessee personally agreed to come down and discuss the problem. As a final gesture, Hudson ordered the agents to take their clothes off and walk into the street.

Hudson was subsequently sentenced to a year in jail, but that seems fairly

light when you figure that he had humiliated agents of the most feared collection agency in the world. Tax resisters see his act as a throwback to the days when taxmen were commonly shot on back highways. "This nation was born out of a tax revolt," said one.

"From 1776 to 1913, we had no income tax and in all that time, we never lost a single war."

—R.S.

Johnny (Eddy) Holmes



SCRAPBOOK, 1977



I won't do anything that doesn't involve normal, heterosexual behavior.



I've got 27 fan clubs now that write for locks of pubic hair. I clip some hair from my neighbor's poodle and send it to them.



I think very, very small breasts are super-feminine.



I like to do free clinic charity work



When I went to public school, I got some strange looks in the shower.



I know a lot of women who like me for myself.



A one-on-one is nice quiet romantic atmosphere. I'm a romanticist.



It embarrasses me to have a girl say, "You have a fantastic cock."



Seventy-five percent of all the girls I've been to bed with want to know if they took all my cock in. They never do!



I've never been deep-throated



I'm attracted to women with large mouths.



I don't think black guys have bigger cocks than white guys.

NON E'
NULLA...
NULLA...
NON E' NULLA!
NON CI SI PUO'
FAR NULLA...
E NECESSARIO,
NECESSARIO,
NECESSARIO!

NON BASTA,
NON BASTA...
NON
CHIUDERA'
OCCHIO
TUTTA LA NOTTE

DARO IO
AL SEGNALE!

Krazy Valentina: The Comic Art of Guido Crepax

Surreal perversions by Italy's maestro sex cartoonist
by Jim Wheelock



Above: Valentina plays horsey with stern mistress.

Left: A witch's sabbath of erotic sadism.

IMAGES: A beautiful woman is alone in a room with tears in its flesh-like walls. Her clothes are loose and her blouse falls away from her breasts. Her name is Valentina. A large spider passes in front of her, hypnotizing her with its stare. As she reaches out to touch the creature, a voice calls out her name. She turns to find a woman in a wheelchair who commands her to kneel down on her hands and knees. The woman strips off her outer clothes, leaving only her lace underwear and high boots. She fits a saddle to Valentina's back, a bridle to her head, and mounts her like a horse, whipping her forward with a riding crop. Ahead of them, a mass farms in the flesh-wall like a giant sare. They came to a halt as it broke open and a man falls out. A black man, naked except for dark glasses. He moves toward Valentina with obvious intent; her rider pulls the bridle brutally tight in her mouth as she tries to scream... the image shifts to a cat asleep on Valentina's lap, and then to Valentina herself, asleep with the lace collar of her nightshirt clenched tightly like the bridle in her teeth. . .

Lina Wertmuller gone berserk? Possibly Fellini on bad acid? Close. The scene is from a comic strip by Guido Crepax, an Italian artist many Europeans think has a very strange mind. They take their comics seriously and think Crepax may be as important to that medium as Orson Welles is to movies.

Wha, you may well ask, is Guido Crepax?

The European comics business is radically different from the more commercialized comics establishment in America. For one thing, in Europe, there's a sizable adult comics audience

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Crepax

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interested in high quality stories and art, the best of which are eventually published in hardcover on high quality paper, often in gorgeous color. In general, the artists and writers have editorial control over their work and in many cases own the publishing rights to their material. For the top westerns and science fiction, head for Paris; for horror and spy stories, try Spain and Italy.

In 1965, while James Bond, 007, was big everywhere, the most popular comic character in Italy was a costumed arch-villain named Diabolik who spilled rivers of other people's blood and upset countless virgins. He's still the most popular comic hero in Italy, but was challenged in '65 when Guido Crepax walked into the comics business with a science fiction adventure strip called "Neutron." "Neutron" is based on the slightly odd premise that an art critic named Phillip Rembrandt, possessed of super-human powers, uses them to combat spies and hostile creatures from other dimensions.

Crepax, who was born in Milan in 1933, studied architecture at the University of Milan while supporting himself as an illustrator and commercial artist. His first cartoons appeared in a medical journal, *Tempo Medico*, in 1959.

"Neutron" appeared in *Linus*, a magazine largely devoted to reprinting "intellectual" American strips like *Peanuts*, *Li'l Abner*, and *Pogo*. Crepax started to attract attention from readers and critics with his unconventional story-telling techniques, his dry wit, and the subtle erotic quality he gave his female lead, Valentina Rosselli. It soon became apparent that "Neutron" was both an entertaining adventure series and a delightful parody on that genre. A finale to one early story has the ironic quality of a Hitchcock ending, as Rembrandt/Neutron is pursued through a masquerade party where all the guests are dressed as comic characters. He runs past a well-developed Lucy snuggling up to a friendly Charlie and surprises Popeye eating spinach in bed with Flash Gordon's girlfriend, Dale Arden.

As Crepax's reputation grew, and the Italian censorship laws eased up,



Neutron catches Popeye and Dale Arden discussing spinach.



Sexually menacing dogs are recurring images in Crepax strips.

Neutron lost his powers and became an ordinary Rembrandt, the lead in the strip being taken over by Valentina, the dark-haired, long-legged photographer who is the prototype for all of Crepax's heroines. Crepax kept the science fiction form as framework for intricate, obsessive sexual fantasies steeped in sadomasochism.

Valentina con gli Stivali (literally, *Valentina with the Boots*) is the most recent Valentine collection to reach this country. It is a series of interconnected stories in which an extraterrestrial intelligence manipulates the lives of Valentina and Rembrandt

Crepax credits Bergman, Bunuel, and Eisenstein as the major influences on his work.

using humanoid robots. Much of the story takes place in the minds of the characters through their dreams, fantasies, and memories. Valentina, in particular, experiences reality in terms of her own masochistic fantasies. She perceives a murder committed in front of her as her own rape by a giant insect, and a hospital operating room becomes an elaborate torture chamber. Crepax expertly intercuts the reality and the fantasies of the various characters, drawing the reader deeper and deeper into the story.

In the nearly 200 pages of *Valentina con gli Stivali*, poor Valentina manages to be whipped and caged by Nazis,

harassed by a gigantic monkey, assaulted by oversized insects, seduced by a lesbian robot, bound to an electrified bed frame, unexpectedly tortured by the Spanish Inquisition, humiliated by leprechauns, and annoyed by aliens. Then she gets knocked up by her boyfriend and has a baby.

While he is an admirer of American comic strips like *Dick Tracy* and *Li'l Abner*, Crepax credits film directors such as Ingmar Bergman, Luis Bunuel and Sergei Eisenstein as the major influences on his work. Certainly it's impossible to discuss his story-telling techniques without talking about film.

He learned early in his career a basic truth about both film and comics, which is that the relationship between the pictures is as important as the pictures themselves. The shots in a movie, or the panels in a comic strip, are like words in a sentence; if you change the order of the words, the meaning of the sentence is changed. "That is" doesn't mean the same thing as "Is that?"

Crepax replaces words with images. Where another cartoonist will use five panels of art and a lot of explanatory text, Crepax uses 30 panels and little or no dialogue, manipulating

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Valentina con gli stivali experiences reality in terms of her own masochistic images.



Crepax

(continued)

images like a film editor to slow down or speed up the action and to create visual moods that can't be expressed in words.

The details he chooses gives us some idea of Crepax's erotic sensibility. The elaborately drawn women's underwear, the sharply defined form of a boot, and the sexual metaphors used to circumvent Italian censorship laws point to a man with powerful fantasies. Some of his sexual images seem pretty silly at this point in time, like a sequence which is the comics equivalent of a pan around the room in the fuck scene of a PG movie. Others have an unexpected beauty, like a montage that visualizes the beginning of Valentina's pregnancy with a shot of a school of fish, then Valentina's body, a bee pollinating a flower, and an egg cracking, beginning to hatch.

There are recurring images in all of Crepax's recent work. His use of animals as sexual symbols is particularly interesting. Dogs and insects have a masculine and terrifying quality in Valentina's masochistic fantasies. Cats, on the other hand, are feminine and submissive. Another of his fascinations is with disguises and doubles—the whole question of identity. He repeatedly uses mirror images, and confronts his characters with their twins. Bianca, one of Crepax's heroines, reveals this obsession in a bizarre sexual pantomime. Attracted to her own image in the mirror, she takes the mirror from the wall and lays it on the floor. Placing her finest underclothes on its surface, she makes passionate love to her own image. In Valentina, the aliens create a robot near-double of Valentina, a doppelganger who falls in love with both Valentina and Philip Rembrandt. She destroys herself rather than endanger them.

This fascination with twins and doubles is a theme almost as old as mankind. Poe, whom Crepax greatly admires, used it in his story "William Wilson," in which a man hunts down and kills himself. Equally old is the dream-within-a-dream structure used in the Valentina stories, a concept that has evolved independently in virtually every civilization. In Japan it forms the basis for the No plays, in which a traveler falls asleep waiting for his



Like Poe, Crepax is obsessed with mirror images, doubles, and twins.

supper to be cooked. He dreams that he is the Emperor of China and lives a long and happy life. When awakened by the innkeeper moments after falling asleep, he wonders which life is the reality and which is the dream.

Sexual dominance, obsession, and sadomasochism are, of course, central themes in the Valentina series and several others, including one about a woman named Anita who is dominated by her television set. Because of his interest in such subjects, it's easy to catalog Crepax's work as "fetish art." The artist himself admits to an admiration for the anonymous and pseudonymous authors of the numerous volumes dedicated to bondage and discipline that were published in Europe over the last century. But unlike most fetish artists who present stereotyped images,

Crepax lets his imagination flow into his own surreal world. He creates stories that take on the quality of bizarre odysseys, tales that are spell-binding to readers outside of the fetish world.

Perhaps inevitably, Crepax's explor-

**In one strip,
a woman named Anita
is sexually
dominated by her
television set.**

ations led him to his most ambitious comics work to date, an adaptation of the erotic classic, *The Story of O*, a project abandoned by Classics Comics some years ago for undisclosed reasons.

O was published in France in 1954 and brought to America in the early '60s. The novel is a complex story of love in the form of sexual submission. The heroine, *O*, is taken to a country estate by her lover. There, she submits to whipping and humiliation, becoming a sexual servant to any man wearing the crest of the estate. In the end, she finds her fulfillment in this degradation.

Crepax's *Histoire d'O* was published in Paris in 1975. It is a beautiful book, in some ways superior to the novel. Crepax worked on the book in 1973 and 1974, replacing the long descriptive passages with his own images, staying true to the spirit of the scenes while retaining only the necessary dialogue.

While the novel has no definite time period, Crepax chose to set his adaptation in the '20s, probably because the period allowed him elaborate art deco backgrounds and elegant clothing styles with infinite variations.

While his Italian work has been

reprinted throughout Europe, in *O*, for the first time, Crepax has been able to depict sex explicitly. Unshackled, he draws with fanatical verve. In being faithful to the novel, however, he loses the elements of fantasy and humor that exist in his own stories. The sex becomes repetitive about halfway through the book and the drawing is inconsistent in places—as if Crepax drew certain pages out of loyalty to the original, but hurriedly, to get on to a scene he wanted to do.

On the whole, though, Crepax's *Histoire d'O* is a fine piece of erotic art, well worth owning. In his native Italy, where *O* cannot be published openly because of its explicit sex, private editions sell for \$350 apiece. Grove Press, which owns the American rights, has promised us an English edition, sometime this year.

As for Crepax, he's recently been branching out into design work for Italian television and there's a market for his illustrations. He does comics when he wants to, and our sources tell us that he's keeping company with a lady that looks not unlike Valentina. Whether it's art reflecting life or vice-versa, we don't know. But there are worse fates. •

Crepax's most ambitious project to date is his cartoon version of *The Story of O*.



In ten days you can be on your way to riches and happiness!!!

You don't have to do much. You do have to want to be happy, and rich, and successful, and popular, and anything you always secretly wanted to be.

Yes, you have to WANT it! If you do, then right now, you are halfway there!

Are you prepared for the good things in life?

Of course you are! There isn't one of us who wouldn't rather be better off than we are. And we're all ready for it!

Do you know how easy it is to get all those good things?

Probably not... because if you did, you'd already have them. Like I do. It's true, I'm not bragging, I'm stating facts. Like you, like all of us, I wanted success and wealth and the ability to do whatever I wanted. Today, I'm the publisher of a successful book company and my dream of publishing a million-copy best seller came true ten years ago when I published "PSYCHO-CYBERNETICS." I wanted to be a song writer too. So a few years ago, I turned to song writing in addition to my publishing career. I wrote a number of songs, and hit the "Top 40" charts several times!

How did I do it? the same way you can!

Over the years, I have published hundreds of books, most of them having to do with self-improvement. Four of those books stand out dramatically. Any one of them is a treasure! But the four of them together are DYNAMITE!

THE MAGIC OF THINKING BIG

Thinking Big. Aren't you "thinking big" right now? Right this minute? Thinking of how you would like to multiply your money-making power, achieve financial security, a prestige job, power and influence? And isn't it true that all you need is the HOW—and you'd be on your way? YES—YES—YES!

10 DAYS TO A GREAT NEW LIFE

Set in motion a chain of events that will lead you to the destination of your dreams! Start the steps on the road to success. All you have to say is YES!

A GUIDE TO RATIONAL LIVING

There is nothing else like this—anywhere. The author of this book is one of the world's foremost authorities on helping people to deal with the irrational world of today. And through this book, you will find your

way to happiness—and developing the new YOU.

GUIDE TO DEVELOPING YOUR POTENTIAL

Here, you are given specific methods of developing your untapped resources; your potential for satisfaction and achievement in life. You learn how to motivate yourself and develop a greater awareness for a richer, happier, more productive life!

The techniques in these four books did it for me. The difference between you and me is that I have read these books—and you haven't yet! But you WILL. And when you do, your life will be changed.

Nothing will ever look the same to you again.

How could it? When you discover how to take control of your life and direct it to be what you want it to be, everything will seem different! You will really be able to say, "This is the happiest day of my life!" EVERY DAY OF YOUR LIFE! That's what we really want! For each and every day to get better than the one before. For all of our achievements to become greater and greater. For life to be harmonious.

Mind power is the answer

That's what it's called, "Mind Power." That's what unlocks those creative forces within you. The forces which are there now, which have always been there, and which have only been waiting for you to discover them—and put them to work. I've used this method since I first discovered it—and it has NEVER FAILED ME!

Motivation is the key to mind power

You need motivation, but you also need the knowledge to go along with it. I know, and you know, how much you want to achieve all the good things in life. But you need to find out the HOW. You know WHAT you want—now here is the HOW TO GET IT!

It has worked for me, for my friends... it will work for you!

Many of my friends are millionaires. They were my friends before they were millionaires. I watched them happen. I watched them use the same techniques taught in these books and become rich and famous. These techniques are really million

dollar secrets. And the people who used them achieved their goals.

TO BE SUCCESSFUL, YOU HAVE TO WANT TO BE SUCCESSFUL! TO BE HAPPY, YOU HAVE TO WANT TO BE HAPPY!

If you want this—and I know you do—you have already taken a step in the direction of achieving your dreams! But, as I said before, you need to KNOW HOW to make your dreams come true! HOW to find the happiness you have been searching for all your life! HOW to become wealthy and famous. And to be happy in love and marriage!

That's not just a lot for the money . . . that's everything! We're talking about YOU. YOUR life! YOUR happiness! YOUR future! This is it, my friend! This is your life and your chance to make it something special! This is the moment of truth. When you look at yourself in the mirror and say, "Okay it's time I'm going to do something to improve my life—and nothing is going to stop me." And you start this minute!

BY THE TIME YOU'VE MADE YOUR DECISION TO BUY THESE BOOKS, YOU'VE TAKEN THE FIRST STEP TO MAKING YOUR DREAMS COME TRUE!

Yes! It's true! Just by deciding, you have committed yourself to finding a better life for yourself and to being the person you always wanted to be. The moment you start applying the Mind Power Techniques, your new life will begin.

The choice is yours: be the person you always wanted to be

That's the choice to make. To make the money you always wanted; to make and find the happiness for which you have always yearned. I urge you not to wait. Send for The Success Library today. If you leave it for tomorrow, you probably won't do it and then you will never know how wonderful life can be!

IF YOU MAKE THIS DECISION THEN NOTHING CAN STOP YOU I guarantee it!

I feel good when I think of what you are about to do... what you have to look forward to. I almost wish I could start all over again so that I could experience the exhilaration of discovering these techniques.

But I'll tell you that even today, I use them. They have never let me down.

Prepare yourself for one of the most exciting experiences of your life!

There can be no joy greater than the joy of discovery! And I promise you that once you start these books you will be so stimulated you will be unable to put them down! I wish I could be there to see your face when the moment comes and you realize that you know the secret of attaining financial success and happiness. That's the moment that is the very greatest!

BONUS OFFER!

With your order, I will include my own personal book, *DYNAMIC THINKING — The Technique of Using Your Subconscious Mind*, by Melvin Powers, at no extra cost!

With this book, the offer becomes a complete Library of Success.

10 DAY GUARANTEE OFFER:

Send for your copies of the books with your check for \$10.00, plus \$1.00 to cover Postage and Handling (California residents add \$6.00 sales tax). You will receive four books plus Melvin Powers' "DYNAMIC THINKING" (at no extra cost). If, within 10 days of receiving them, you are not completely satisfied with or change your life, return them for a refund of your \$10.00.



MELVIN POWERS
120 Enterprise Avenue
Sausalito, California 94968

O.K., I want a better life. And I have decided to take you up on your offer. Here's my check or money order for \$10.00, plus \$1.00 postage and handling (California residents add \$6.00 sales tax). If, within 10 days of receiving your package of five books, I am not convinced that they will change my life, I'll return them to you and receive my \$10.00 back by return mail.

(Make check or money order payable to MELVIN POWERS)

Name _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Clarissa

I slipped in a rubber sheet to catch the virginal blood.





Clorisso is a typical middle-class chick, intent on saving her virginity till her wedding night. I am a sophisticated upper-class gent intent on bringing the joys of sex into as many bedrooms as my handsome demeanor and well-filled wallet will allow. Having tried to make her all semester, I offered her an all-expense-paid vacation with me in Stockholm. She agreed, but insisted we have separate rooms with no connecting door. I agreed with a good-natured leer.

I packed my Nikon, traveler's checks, and two dozen rubbers. I also slipped in a rubber sheet to catch the flow of virginal blood.

The first day we visited the main hall of the city library, which is built like a tower, where I impressed Clorisso with my knowledge of indexing. That night I invited her into my room. She demurred, saying her legs were tired. I jerked off. The second day we visited the model homes for employees of a Swedish flour and bakeshop cooperative. Clorisso made sociological remarks and I looked at the lovely ladies bending over the flour bins. She let me kiss her good night, but only at the door of her room. There was

CONTINUED

A large photograph showing a woman with long brown hair, wearing a white lace-trimmed nightgown and matching panties, lying on her stomach on a bed with white floral bedding. She is looking down at her body. The background is dark.

days—churches, museums, and friendly peeks on the cheek. I wanted Clarissa; I was becoming obsessed.

By the sixth day desperation lent a wily edge to my horniness. If I couldn't ball her by seduction, I would use blackmail. Since during her out shopping, I spent the day making a hole in the wall between our rooms and focusing my Nikon on her bed.

That night I took her to the Chat Noir, the hottest sex club in town. We watched beautiful men and women suck, fuck and come. I had an erection and even Clarissa looked interested. But, horny or not, she intended to sleep plane. I returned to her room and decided the heroics. Clarissa undressed and ran a bath, stretching and posing like the women we had seen on stage. I kept one hand snapping a roll of film and the other stroking myself.

I had the film developed and showed her the photos over breakfast. She blushed. I gave her ultimatum—sex with me or I publish the photos. Leaving her to decide, I went for a walk. Returning, I found her room empty and a note on my night table: "The deed will not be done. Clarissa shall live in purity." So, I'm publishing the pictures? Tough shit. Clarissa. Your purity is defiled. ■



We watched them suck,
fuck, and come.



The BABY EINSTEIN

"Is nothing
sacred???"

BILL
GRIFFITH



• Baby Einstein's Baby Pictures •

So Precocious
He Was!!



HOT TYPE



Exort The Devil

A Brooklyn, N.Y., couple were driving back from Washington, D.C., when they decided to get out of their car and pray.

Unusual, you say? More unusual than you think: the couple were praying that the devil take leave of their children's bodies!

And what if mere prayer fails to turn the devil's tail? Why, you beat the devil away, of course. So the couple, who had stopped to pray in the parking lot of the South Baltimore General Hospital, commenced beating their three young daughters with their fists.

And what if beating the devil has no effect? Why, obviously, you run that stubborn Satan down. So the couple, after returning to their car, attempted to run down their three "possessed" daughters right there in the hospital parking lot.

When one of the girls escaped more severe injury by leaping on the hood of her parents' car, the attention of a hospital security officer was attracted. He rescued the three girls and the parents drove off safe now, they must have thought,

from the wicked influences of a loveless Lucifer.

Two hours later, the couple were arrested in their car while waiting at a traffic

light and their eight-month-old son, who was found with them, was placed in protective custody. The three girls, aged five, ten, and 11, were

placed in foster homes. Last we heard, the exorcist-parents were being held on \$60,000 bail each. The devil must have gotten away.





What's A Cross

Would you be afraid of a mugger who had trouble opening his switchblade? Would you lock and bolt your door if you saw a stray cat in your neighborhood? Would you check for communists under the bed of a Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge?

If so, then you'd probably also feel threatened by the Illinois chapter of the Ku Klux Klan. Undercover agents there recently infiltrated the membership of the Illinois Klan and the report they filed suggests that a more fitting name for the white racists might be the "Ku

Klux Klan."

At one recent meeting, says the investigators' report, Klansmen were "so inept" that they had trouble burning a cross.

"While the men were trying to raise the 60-foot cross," the report states, "the rope snapped. The cross crashed back to earth, almost crushing several Klansmen. Then they decided to chop off ten feet from the bottom to make the cross lighter and easier to raise. The rest of the report reads like a comedy of errors.

"After taking a few swings, the Klansman wield-

ing the only available ax missed his mark and broke the handle in half. He had to finish the job with a hatchet. In all, it took almost three hours for the Klansmen to raise and secure the cross."

Then came the job of lighting the cross, and again Klansmen experienced trouble because, according to the report, "the Klansmen had wrapped the cross in a flame-retardant rug pad instead of the usual burlap."

Rather than being regarded as a threat to the community, the report concludes, "the Klan of today belongs in a comic strip."



They're(whirr) Taking(whizz) Over(click)

If job security is your concern, be forewarned that robots may soon rule society.

Well, not rule exactly, but if robots keep multiplying as fast as they have been in recent years, they will very possibly dominate the work force.

There are currently 6,000 mechanical, human-like machines doing very human tasks. Within the next 30 years, authorities have predicted, there may actually be more robot workers than

human workers.

The typical robot worker can be purchased for about \$50,000—considerably less than an employer would have to pay a human for, say, five years of service. What's more, "employers" of robots don't have to worry about vacations, sick leave, pension plans, maternity leaves, discrimination troubles, laziness, unions, or raises. Just a little lube job now and again and robots perform their tasks without a

complaint.

The robots use television to "see" and to review their own work. They are so efficient, in fact, that some late model robots are already engaged in the task of building other robots.

Robots even have their own organization. But there's still hope for us humans because, as the head of the Robot Institute of America insisted, "No, I am not a robot...a robot...a robot..." Not yet.

BYE BYE HOWIE

Tubs, a tavern in Valparaiso, Indiana, packs the house on Monday nights with a simple raffle gimmick.

Football fans are regularly attracted to the place for Monday night football games, but the raffle has them coming in droves.

For one dollar, patrons enter a drawing for who gets to toss a brick through the screen of an old black-and-white TV set. The winner waits patiently through the first half of the game. Then comes half-time and the big moment.

"This is Howard Cosell reporting for . . ."

Crashtastic

The tube implodes, sparks fly, and Cosell's face is shattered to smithereens.

What joy!



Wide World Photos

Is there sex after marriage?

It is widely believed that young people have normal, healthy sex lives. But, if recent scientific studies are valid, young people generally avoid sex, with their spouses at least, for upwards of three months at a time. And, says one scientific survey, poverty in the sack has surpassed financial poverty as the number one cause of marital disharmony.

"Discontinuous" intercourse is an experience of a sizable portion of the population,¹ says John N. Edwards of the Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University at Blacksburg, Virginia. Edwards, who is simply saying that people don't get laid as often as we think they do, is one of three researchers who recently completed a study for the Ministry of State for Urban Affairs of the Canadian government. His findings imply that the bedroom has become a battlefield in a war called matrimony.

If Edwards's random sample of 365 married individuals is representative of the general population, it means that young couples today withhold sex in response to marital discord. In fact, of all those surveyed, the highest weekly rate for sexual intercourse among the under-39-year-olds was a meager three times a week. So, Edwards concludes, many young couples abstain from sex for long periods because they simply lack knowledge about sexual practices.

But scientific interpretations do vary, and are often even diametrically opposed. While the National Marriage Guidance Council, for example, agrees that sexual incompatibility is common among young couples, it has taken another view entirely. The Council claims that increased knowledge, not ignorance about sex, is what causes marital problems. Today's young couples, they

say, hear more and know more about sex, and if their love lives are poor, they are quick to seek advice and even break up, if necessary. Sexual problems, according to the Council, have replaced money troubles as the most often-heard complaint among unhappy couples.

PRO CREATES

When people feel frustrated it's very often because they aren't getting laid enough. Or perhaps it's because what they're getting just isn't good enough. Would you believe that Brian Wilson of the Beach Boys was frustrated from *too much sex?*

Well, he says he was. And how much sex is too much?

Enough to make an artist stop creating, says Wilson. Wilson claims he went through "a very frightening



experience" a while ago. He seemed to run out of material, he says. All his creativity seemed to vanish.

So, for the past few months, Wilson has given up sex. And his celibacy, Wilson claims, has been partly responsible for recent successes of his group.

A new album, a Beach Boys tour, and a Beach Boys TV special are some of the things Brian Wilson says he owes to a condition most of us try to avoid: lack-of-

nookie.

When things dried up creatively, Wilson said, "there was an insecurity that set in. That's why I'm going through these experiments, sexually and all, to see what can happen, to see if there's anything waiting in there I haven't learned."

Many of our friends, too, have tried that same sexual abstinence experiment. Unlike Wilson, though, it has rarely been by their own choosing.



The (New) Big Bang Theory

In St. Clair Shores, Michigan, you can see a film called *How to Say No to a Rapist*. Also in St. Clair Shores, you can find a feminist who'll say you're crazy for wanting to see it.

The movie is currently in the hands of St. Clair Shores police. But it's not a confabulated fuck film or anything like that. In fact, it's a film the police use, they say, to help cut down on the number of murders that so often accompany rape attacks.

How to Say No to a Rapist rather tediously depicts author Frederick Storaska giving a talk in which he states that women should submit rather than resist, run or scream. While there are many women who don't have to be told that, Storaska believes that by not causing trouble for the attacker, rape victims stand the best chance

of coming out of the ordeal with their lives saved.

But Storaska's advice, and the St. Clair Shores police department's insistence on using the film, has the local chapter of the National Organization for Women pissed off. "Rapists will love the film," a NOW spokesman claims. And, despite a veritable storm of protests from feminists to withdraw the film, police in St. Clair Shores continue to use it. *How to Say No to a Rapist*, say police here, has been found beneficial, though they have not said for whom.

Now officials also believe that anyone who follows Storaska's advice will get raped. "Immediate resistance is the key to avoiding rape," says NOW, "unless, of course, the attacker has a lethal weapon." Like a double-barreled hard-on?

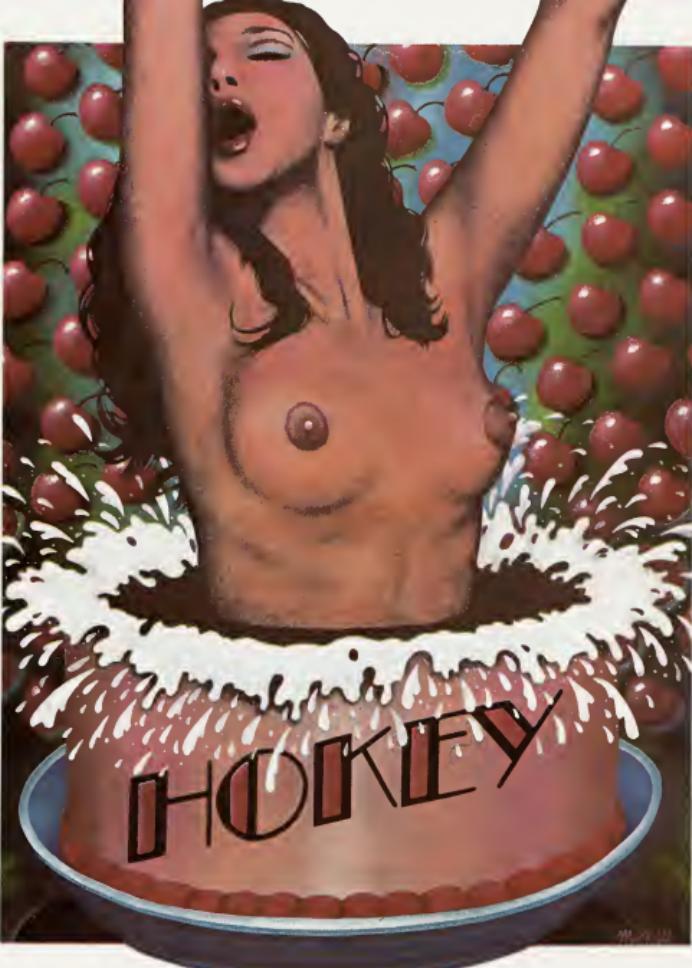


ILLUSTRATION BY S. MacNeill

AT CHARLENE'S SWEET SIXTEEN PARTY, HOKEY HORNER STICKS HIS FINGER IN HER PIE AND POPS A CHERRY

BY DONALD STAHL

I rang the doorbell.

In a few moments the door opened and sugar-puss Charlene was framed before me.

"Oh, it's you, Hokey," Charlene uttered with a frown. She started to shut the door on me.

"You bet it's me, baby!" I declared, grabbing her by the shoulders and jerking her into my arms. I planted a wet sloppy kiss on her sweet lips. "Mmmmm-smack! Happy birthday, Charlene!"

"Hokey!" she exclaimed. Her eyes bulged, thoroughly agape. "What in heaven's name—?"

"And I bring you a present too."

Charlene's mouth hung open, but she managed to mutter, "Wb-what?"

I put out my chest, decked in red ribbon, and spread open my arms. "ME!"

Charlene stared mutely at her beautiful birthday present.

I swung my outstretched arms around her delicious body, careful to pass my hands over her buns, and pulled her into a powerful embrace. "Grrrrr!" I nibbled at her neck.

"Oh, Hokey, stop it!" Charlene giggled, trying to push me away. "I never thought you were like this!"

"I love you, Charlene, my angel." I bit her nose. "My passion flower, my God!"

"How in my God!" Charlene exclaimed, as my wayward hands rubbed her warm behind. "You—you're so different!"

"Gerrr! You make an animal out of me, Charlene," I confessed, my eyes rolling like a rabid dog's. "I bleed for you every night. My darling—kiss me!" I hugged her like an insane bear, wiping my tongue over her lips as I kissed her. I found that quite yummy.

"Hokey, stop it!" She giggled. "You're wrinkling my dress, you crazy goof!"

I released her and took a step back. "Now am I invited to your birthday party?"

Charlene, with wide eyes, hanging lower lip, and head tilted in wonder, looked like a truck had hit her. "Wh-why sure. I mean—heavens yes, Hokey. Well—gee, of course!"

"Lead the way, sweetie-puss," I directed, spinning her around and tickling her fanny.

"Hokey!" Charlene reacted, springing forward like a rubber band.

I hesitated a moment on the porch until she was inside. "Hey, kids!" Charlene called over the noise of the party.

"Hold it a minute! Another guest has just arrived. It's—"

At that second, I burst through the doorway, wrapped in red ribbon like the greatest present of them all, and landed in the middle of the party. "Hokey's here!" I yelled.

Excerpted from Hokey, © 1969 by Donald Stahl.

For several moments there wasn't a sound, as all the kids stared at me in astonishment. Then, in one huge roar, they burst out in laughter and applause. "Yaaaa!"

"You guys all continue to do well!" I signaled with a wave of my hand. "Just forget I'm even here, kids!"

There were about 25 kids, half and half, at the party. Somebody put another record on, and they started jitterbugging again. But for some strange reason, ha, ha, many kept sneaking glances at me—particularly one precious little passycat named Charlene. She had been shanghaied by the muscle-headed star of the football team, and they were dancing together.

Nonchalantly, I strolled over to the buffet table. I stuck my finger into the whipped cream atop one of the cakes and licked it off. "Mmmmm...good." I poured a glass of fruit punch and gulped it down. Then I turned and looked around—to get the lay of the land, so to speak.

My name was being bantered around by many of the dancing couples, and I heard several kids mutter, "I didn't know Hokey was invited—"

Ha, ha! I really had them guessing. I was the last joke they expected to get—an invitation from Charlene. Little did they know what evil lurks in the hearts of men, but Hokey knows....

I stood in a vacant corner and pressed my hypnotic gaze on the jitterbugging ass of Charlene. Oh, boy.... Even though the dance was over 20 years away, my yashch was doing the watusi in my pants. Oh, Charlene.... She sure was a grade A choice cut of meat. She wore a white satin party dress with flowing skirt and high heels. She looked a lot older than 16. She was gorgeous. Her shining hair was as black as my lustful heart; her skin was as white as a Comet-cleaned toilet bowl. The sexy dress was cut just low enough for my imagination to peep down on her young, swelling boobies. I began to undress her with my eyes, as they say. Then I put back on everything I'd taken off. This time I wanted the real thing.

Charlene blushed as she danced, aware of my hypnotic gaze, and snuck her own glances at me. She kept wiggling her fanny, and I felt that was a very promising sign.

I didn't want Charlene to get the impression I was an easy mark, so I turned away and watched some of the other dancing broads. I'd play hard to get for a while.

Sure enough, in a few minutes, who should be standing next to me but precious Charlene? Her lovely face beamed with a great big smile.

"Well!" she declared, statementwise. "You certainly are a very surprising young man." She spoke those words in a confident manner—much of course I didn't like.

"You better believe it!" I grabbed her hand and pulled her (continued)

Hokey

(continued)

against the wall close to me.

"Oh, Hokey, don't be so rough," she said playfully, her eyes shining.

"Grrrr! I'm gonna eat you up alive!" I growled, breathing intoxicatingly all over her.

"Don't do that, Hokey . . ." Charlene melted under my dynamic breath. "You're so—mammoth."

I wrapped my arm around her tiny waist. "You thought I was a stud didn't you, baby?"

"Well—no, I'm not coy, not attempting to move out of my grasp. I didn't know you were like this."

"Like what?" I whispered, skimming my boiling lips across her shoulders. I felt her shiver.

"Like—like—" Charlene sputtered.

"Like a Greek god?" I asked.

"Oh, Hokey," Charlene giggled. "You say such things."

She blushed enchantingly.

Apparently her vision of a Greek god was that of a nude statue in a museum. I had a pretty good idea what part of the statue had made her blush, too.

"Sugar baby," I murmured. "Ain't there some place where we could be alone?"

"Well—" She glanced around. "The kids are all over. I really don't know where—"

"Hmmm . . ." I mused. "How about upstairs?"

"Oh, no. Daddy's sleeping upstairs. He doesn't like these parties and he stays out of the way."

I'd seen Johann Shultz a few times, an old German kraut-head.

"Where's your old lady?"

"Mom went over to her friend's after she got everything ready for the party."

"So actually we are all alone," I whispered romantically. "Except for this bunch of noisy kids."

"Yea—" Charlene tittered. "All alone . . ."

While we talked, I maneuvered Charlene against the wall and pinned her there, my knee raised a trifile and stuck between her legs. My hypnotic orbs pierced into her eyes with static thunderbolts of passion.

I knew some of the kids were watching us, even the football musclehead, but I didn't let that sway me from my mission. The only way the Terror of the Bathbath Airways could be thwarted would be if he was shot down in flames—preferably with Charlene under him.

"I think that you are—" I paused for effect, "the most scrumptious hunk of womanhood ever to bloom on the plate of man."

"Gulp!" Charlene sounded.

I caressed her lips with mine. Then I ran around her sweet face with my powerful kiss until I arrived at her right ear. Reminiscent of a swordthrust in an old Errol Flynn movie, I stabbed the innards of her ear with my rapier tongue.

"Oh, Hokey . . ." she moaned.

Charlene stiffened like a curseless mummy. Then I withdrew my tongue, mainly because I got kind of fuzzy jazz in my mouth.

Well, what are you gonna do . . .?

"My sweet Hokey. You shouldn't do things like that." Charlene turned her ear further in the direction of my mouth. "It does funny things to me . . ."

Yeah, I know. It's the action of the party. "Hey, gang! Kill that jazz and gather around!"

My voice must have wielded the force of Moses standing on his molochil. In a few seconds, the phonograph was shut off, the jitterbugging ended, and all the kids—even the muscle-headed football player—gathered around their leader.

I began tearing the bedsheet up into wide strips. "It's game

"My blood turns to soup at the sound of your voice."

"Really, Hokey?"

"Your laugh is like the dingling of my dog."

"Gosh . . ." Charlene spoke, erupting lava of love. "I never knew you felt this way, Hokey dear . . ."

"The sight of your magnificent face causes my knees to throb with emotion—knocking themselves silly at the portals of love."

My wayward thumbs diddled with her nippitips.

I wenton. "The delicate white of your naped neck makes my teeth cavity."

"No more, my darling. Please . . ." Charlene begged. "I feel faint . . ."

Her body trembled under my thumbs. I marched on without mercy. "An enchanting Charlene—your touch makes my goosebumps pregnant with thanksgiving. Your kiss sends sparks of lilac water squirting from the fountain of my soul. Your sweet ears—ah, well."

"Oh, my darling Hokey, How wonderful you are . . ." Charlene swooned forward. "Have pity . . ."

I cradled her passionately in my arms. It was several minutes before she was strong enough to stam it by herself.

"Dear Hokey . . ." she touched my rosy cheek, "I never dreamed you were as wonderful as this . . ."

"Yes, I know," I replied. "Sometimes people never realize the truth until it's too late."

Charlene winced in fear. "Oh, it isn't too late for me, is it, Hokey?"

I stood very straight and tall, sticking my hand in my shirt Napoleonically. "We shall see!"

"Oh," Charlene sighed with relief. "Thank goodness."

I caught a glimpse of my pose in a wall mirror. Hey, not bad. And to add to my image, you could hardly hang your hat on the back of my knob, that's how far it was pushing out against my jeans.

"Do something for me, Charlene my love," I said in a dominant voice.

"Of course, Hokey dear. Just tell me," innocent Charlene hungrily answered.

"Go fetch me an old bedsheet!"

"Bedsheet?"

"Now!" I commanded.

"Yes, Hokey," Charlene scooted away.

Ha, ha, ha! My devilish mind raced cunningly forward with Machiavellian thought. If Mofhamadan couldn't go to the mountain to get his nuts off, he'd bring his peak to the party. The seed of life was about to bear its fruit—with some help from that ill old weed-picker, me!

"Here it is, Hokey dear." Charlene breathlessly handed me the bedsheet. "But what are you going—"

"Be patient, my flower. Soon you will be stabbed by all knowledge." I announced with scintillating eloquence. "Soon the moment of truth will rip open your fuzzy little door of darkness. Then you will know . . ."

"Oh, Hokey, you're so wonderful . . ." Charlene gazed adoringly at her savior.

Yeah, I know. It's the action of the party. "Hey, gang! Kill that jazz and gather around!"

My voice must have wielded the force of Moses standing on his molochil. In a few seconds, the phonograph was shut off, the jitterbugging ended, and all the kids—even the muscle-headed football player—gathered around their leader.

I began tearing the bedsheet up into wide strips. "It's game

time, kids! Let's hear it for fun and games!"

"Yeaauuu!" they shouted. "Yeaauuu!"

"You wanna play the old games—or Hokey's new game? Com'on now, let's hear it!"

"Hokey's new gameeeeeee!" they yelled.

"That's what I want to hear, gang!" I declared, completing my bedsheet tearing. "You gotta play fair! Just like Old Mother tells you! Okay?"

"Yeahhhh!" they boomed in unison.

Charlene just stood there, unable to unplug her big beautiful eyes from her Greek god. I memorized every delicious ripple of her body, and I rose further to the occasion. Wow! There I was in the middle of the party, the center of attraction—and I had the biggest stand-on-of my life.

"Okay, gang! Now here's the new wrinkle! Are you listening?" I shouted.

"Yeahhhh!"

"Gonna play fair?"

"Yeahhhh!"

"All right now! First thing is—as you can see, I tore this bedsheet into strips! Know what the strips are for?"

"Nooooo!"

"Blindfolds! Now I blindfold everybody here, and then you form a big circle with me in the center! Got it so far?"

"Yeahhhh!"

"Swell! Now when I'm in the center, I make all sorts of goofy

sneaking a dirty peek. Then I sat down on the floor in the circle of blindfolded kids and motioned to Charlene to do likewise.

"What should I do, Hokey dear?" she asked, curling up next to me.

"Shhh . . ." I cautioned. "Keep it real low so the kids can't guess what we're doing."

"A red fire engine running out of gas!" a dopey kid yelled.

"No! Jesus Christ, I ain't even started yet!" I quickly adjusted my composure and said to Charlene, "Just lean back, sugar-puss. That's it now. Just relax . . ."

Charlene giggled.

"An Australian chipmunk eating his lunch!" someone called out.

"Nooo!" Oh, boy . . .

I put my hands on Charlene's darling head and the other over her belly. "My yummy Charlene," I whispered, breathing my love all over her. "Kiss me, my sweet."

"Oh, Hokey . . ."

I swooned against me as I massaged her lips with mine. My tongue swept past her lips and pried open her jawbone. Then it went insane inside her mouth, gathering up saliva like a runaway vacuum cleaner. Our tongues met and scoured each other, until Charlene was shivering like a naked Eskimo. Then, with a mighty lunge, I flung her tongue aside and bolted down her throat. She moaned in blissful agony. Gee—I never knew the sonofabitch was that long.

"A guy going over Niagara Falls in a barrel!" one of the blindfolded jerks shouted.

"Nope, sorry! Keep lying, gang!"

I licked at Charlene's lips like a parched pooh laps water.

"My cherry pudding . . ." I murmured passionately. "Your lips are as soft as a sealull hand on a floating beer bottle."

"Oh, you say the most beautiful things," Charlene moaned breathlessly.

My sticky fingers slid into the top of her dress. "Your tender skin stretches my heart taunt as an arrow, ready to fire into your nest of love . . ."

I wore her dress a bit as I dug inside, slipping my nosy hand in her crotch and latching on to a warm hunk of titty. Her nipple was as hot and hard as a roasted marble. My fingers played happily around the tip, occasionally giving the whole damn boob a healthy squeeze.

"Oh, Hokey darling, you mustn't . . ." Charlene protested weakly.

"A guy eating a hotdog with mustard on it!"

"Nope! That ain't it! But keep trying, gang!"

For a second or two, I couldn't get my hand out of her brassiere. When it was free, I rubbed it down her quivering body, slowly and suggestively. Charlene's eyes were shut tight—and that, I thought, was another very good sign. When I touched her bare leg, she jumped.

"Do not be afraid, my beloved angel," I comforted her. "Hokey knows what is best for his adored one." Upon hearing these words, Charlene relaxed, and I ran my hand up her thigh, stroking and coaxing her skin, until at last I climbed to the summit. In other words, I grabbed a meaty hold on her snatch.

My hand, unafraid, dashed into her smouldering panties and sprang upon her pussycat. Then it spent several contented minutes rubbing her clitoris. This seemed to make a definite impression upon Charlene. She was panting so rapidly, I thought she needed an oxygen tank.

"Oh my Hokey my love. We can't . . . I'm not that kind of girl," she moaned, nestling closer.

"Hee, hee, hee . . . if you get one of them doughnuts with the hole in the middle, baby, you're that kind of girl, I thought as I fiddled. And sure enough, she did!

"A walrus eating fish on Friday!" another kid called out.

"You're getting warmer, gang! Keep trying! Just guess what I'm doing!"

(cont. on page 94)



My tongue gathered up saliva like a runaway vacuum cleaner.

Just Plain Freaks

A gallery of grotesques and other unusual oddities by J.J. Kane

Freaks, monsters, human oddities, Very Special People—call 'em what you will, they've been occupying this planet every bit as long as normal folk, albeit in far smaller numbers, and their historical road has been rocky enough to give topologists fits. Over the course of the millennia, they've been variously mocked, mythologized, stashed in closets, exhibited on stages, put to the torch, presented in court, seduced by perverts, and abandoned by same. They've been studied by teratologists, stared at by plebeians, bowed to by royalty. The Greeks even had a word for them—and if you don't believe me you can look it up.

Freaks come in all shapes and sizes, few of them pleasing. There are, according to 18th-century monster-maven Buffon, three kinds of freaks or "monsters": (1) monsters by addition (giants, fat people, three-legged men), (2) monsters by omission (midgets, thin people, no-legged men), and (3) just plain monsters (the rest of them). Apart from their physical surrealism, what makes these Very Special People so Very Special? Well, in most cases not a hell of a lot. Whether this news cheers or saddens, the fact remains that instead of being driven to states of mad genius by the extreme perspectives their afflictions provide, the majority of your so-called monsters have been motivated by the same biological imperatives, illusive emotional impulses, and bourgeois value systems that have traditionally governed the behavior of their more conventionally assembled counterparts. Indeed, as the following brief profiles should probably prove, freaks are not only very much like you or me, but often a good deal more so.

Take Chang and Eng, for example. Easily the most universally celebrated Siamese twins, Chang and Eng were unique among their kind, for not only were they connected one to the other by a four-inch ligature of flesh and blood, but were authentically Siamese to boot. In fact, it was Chang and Eng who inspired the term Siamese twins in the first place. And yet, despite their innovative appearance, all the pair ever longed for was the bland fulfillment of every poor immigrant's typical American Dream.

Humble fishermen in Siam, where



The original Siamese twins.

Chang and Eng

they were born in 1811, Chang and his constant companion Eng were engaged early on by a succession of enterprising showmen who exhibited them throughout Europe and, eventually, America. It was here that the pair decided to settle, and two more model citizens you couldn't imagine. Eager not only to pull their own weight but pay their own freight into the bargain, the industrious twins soon eschewed the services of agents, managers, and other middlemen to handle their own professional affairs, a strategy that augmented their earning powers considerably.

By 1839, the 28-year-old twins had amassed a mutual fortune of some \$60,000, a figure that was, by the standards of the day, a far cry from anything even remotely resembling hay. Opting for early retirement, they used their loot to pursue a more conventional lifestyle, purchasing an expansive farm in a small North Carolina community. To complete their transformation from show biz celebs to just plain freaks, they applied for U.S. citizenship and adopted a surname steeped in patriotic lore: from that point on they were known as Mr. and Mrs. Chang and Eng Bunker.

Now possessed of property, citizenship, and a sturdy American name, Chang and Eng next cast about for a pair of suitable mates. Though their neighbors in that normally somnolent backwoods settlement had been generally amicable in their dealings with the hardworking twins, they failed to cotton to the amatory interest the brothers began showing in pair of propinquitous Quaker maidens. The twins, however,

were not ones to be easily turned around. Indeed, they had conclusively proven their mettle during their performing days, when Chang, annoyed at a particularly obnoxious paying customer, applied a talented fist to the latter's jaw; though the brothers were promptly arrested, they were just as quickly released when Eng, himself innocent of any wrongdoing, threatened to sue for false arrest. Having thus established their combative credentials, they persisted in their pursuit of the local lasses, marrying them at a double ceremony performed in 1843. The unions proved to be enduring ones, good for 22 offspring, with Chang claiming credit for ten and Eng racking up an even dozen.

The twins passed their declining years in relative harmony, although Chang's constant boozing, card-playing, and general carousing occasionally grated on the quiet, teetotaling Eng. This potentially divisive situation was at least partially resolved when the pair set up separate households, adhering to a weekly schedule that saw them spend three days at Chang's place, another three at Eng's, with both presumably getting Sundays off. In order to maintain domestic parity, it was agreed that Chang would be boss at his house, and Eng would call the shots at his. They continued to live and prosper under the terms of this agreement until 1872, when Chang, then 61, passed away suddenly, quietly, in his sleep. Eng lingered on some 17 hours longer, howling and twitching in absolute terror before finally dying of fright.



Two people above, one below.

The Tocci Twins

Less fortunate than the Bunker Boys, though, in their way, just as conventional, were the Tocci Brothers. Siamese twins of Italian

extraction, the luckless lads had been consigned by a predictably fickle fate to share but a single body from the sixth rib down. This arrangement severely limited their mobility, among other things, as one brother controlled their right leg, the other their left, and never the twain could get properly rolling. Fortunately for their peace of minds, the Toccis, while never achieving the celebrity accorded Chang and Eng, nonetheless got along famously. Laid back sorts who harbored little lust for the limelight, the brothers pulled an abrupt Garboesque fade from their brief show biz career, checking into oblivion sometime in the early 1900s, where they reportedly passed their remaining days alone together.



The world's tallest man, and his brother.



Tom Thumb's wedding to Lavinia.

General Tom Thumb

Unlike the eternally bound Bunkers and Toccis, General Tom Thumb was free to operate strictly as a lone agent, and operate he did, in the best American capitalist tradition. Always making sure to keep a sharp, covetous eye out for numero uno, the General—born Charles Sherwood Stratton in 1838—grew to become the biggest midget attraction in the annals of sideshow history. Though he began promisingly enough as a diminutive Don Juan rumored to have had an occasional fling with women whose passion ran to pint-sized paramours, he soon turned his attention to more mundane matters; i.e., taking a mate, settling down, and tending to his extensive business interests.

Setting about the task of accomplishing the foremost of these traditional goals, the marriage-minded Thumb developed a sizable amorous interest in fellow-midget Lavinia Warren, and contrived to have himself and his prospective mate separately invited to spend a weekend at friend and mentor P.T. Barnum's Bridgeport, Connecticut, home. There Tom attempted to win Lavinia by emphasizing such romantic attributes as his obese stock portfolio

and lucrative real estate holdings. Herself possessed of a pragmatic turn of mind, Lavinia was about to accept Tom's proposal when the latter's rival in love, one Commodore Nutt, chanced upon the scene. Though a good bit smaller than the tiny Thumb, the pugnacious and perennially pissed-off Nutt—who had already treated Tom to at least one sound thrashing in the past—demanded an immediate explanation. So frightened was the undersized suitor, however, that he insisted Lavinia be the one to break the news, which she proceeded to do, much to Nutt's distress.

Getting through that potentially perilous scrape unscathed, Tom married Ms. Warren at a gala public ceremony to which P.T. predictably sold tickets. The couple then adopted the leisurely lifestyle befitting a wealthy capitalist and wife, an existence so agreeable that it actually added 15 inches to Tom's height and more than tripled his weight. In fact, so formidable did he become that, in the course of a rare return engagement made at Barnum's behest, the audience loudly booted the shameless fatcat impostor who claimed to be their beloved Tom Thumb!

Robert Wadlow

At the opposite end of the human oddity scale, outsized Robert Wadlow nurtured far humbler aspirations than the acquisitive General Thumb. All he wanted was a financially secure, professionally fulfilling career in his chosen field—law. Unfortunately, by the time he entered college in 1936, the shy adolescent stood a conspicuous 8 feet 3 inches and was still ascending, attaining an eventual height of 8 feet 11 inches. Instead of pursuing his legal ambitions or joining the varsity basketball team, Wadlow dropped out and hooked up with a variety of carnivals and circuses in order to save enough money to realize his new dream—starting a shoe empire.

Refusing to be exhibited as a mere freak, the so-called "Gentle Giant" embarked upon a short-lived career as a stand-up comic, employing his average-sized father as a foil. While Wadlow proved quite proficient, even impressive at standing up, he was less than compelling in the comic department, as witnessed by the following father-son exchange described in Frederick Drimmer's *Very Special People*:

"The greatest trouble I ever have with Robert," Mr. Wadlow would say, "is trying to keep him from walking down hallways in hotels and peeking over the transoms above the doors."

"Yeah, maybe I did," Robert would admit with a twinkle in his eye, "but the only thing wrong with Dad was he got mad when I quit lifting him up for a peek."

Wadlow himself was not much longer-lived than his comedic career. Before collecting sufficient funds to fulfill his shoe store hopes, Robert fell victim to, ironically enough, a fatal ankle infection, expiring at age 22.

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Freaks

(continued)

Juliana Pastrana had a different set of problems, but her ambitions were even more modest than Mr. Wadlow's: all she wanted was to marry a man who would love her not because she was the Ugliest Woman in the World, but "for herself." Born to a Mexican Digger Indian family in 1832, Juliana could boast of an appealingly petite figure, but her hairy, simian visage effectively discouraged those potential suitors tied to more conventional concepts of beauty. A personable sort equipped with considerable vocal and terpsichorean talent, Juliana would obligingly sing and dance for audiences less interested in her performing abilities than in the sheer shock/horror her presence was sure to provide. And yet, despite all manner of insult and adversity, Juliana kept her nuptial dream alive.

Recognizing a gold mine when it stared him lovingly in the face, Ms. Pastrana's American manager, a lowlife named Lent, asked for her hirsute hand in holy matrimony, principally to prevent the possibility of a more generous showman wooing her away. Juliana, for her part, was innocently overjoyed at



The world's ugliest woman.

Juliana Pastrana

the prospect, declaring to all who would listen that Lent did indeed truly love her for herself. In due time, she found herself great with child—another latent money-maker for the avaricious Lent. While Juliana had naturally hoped that

her offspring would take after its father (cosmetically, at least), such was not about to be the case. Instead, she gave birth to a son who, had he survived, might have easily grown up to earn the title of the World's Ugliest Man. But survive he didn't, and neither did Juliana, who, declaiming even on her deathbed that she knew Lent "loved me for my own sake," followed her ill-fated infant beyond the pale.

This left Lent properly bereaved, mourning the death of his meal ticket. A resilient villain, he soon enough hit upon an enterprising scheme certain to double his earnings—he had mother and child mummified and entombed together in a glass showcase, taking this morbid little nativity tableau on international tour. Lent went on to further boost his income by wedding a bearded woman, Marie Bartels, whom he naturally added to his eerie entourage. Whether undermined by guilt over the foul deeds he had done, or simply the victim of a previously undetected mental condition, Lent all of a sudden began acting oddly, tearing up his ill-gotten monies and otherwise assisting in his own destruction, dying a madman in 1884. As for Juliana and son, rumors have it that they are still extant and were reportedly sighted in a Norwegian museum as recently as 1973.



He fooled them for 60 years.

Zip the Pinhead

Also lacking in the looks department, though not nearly as flamboyantly as Ms. Pastrana, Zip the Pinhead had to hustle harder to gain prominence in the freak firmament. An impoverished American black, Zip's primary objective was landing a decent job; if playing pinhead for gullible honky rubes would supply it, then that's exactly what he would do. As it turned out, Zip—sworn to public silence by his employer, P.T. Barnum, to avoid possible detection—was to hold his pinhead post for well over 60 years, eventually copying the title of America's "dean of freaks." It was only on his deathbed in 1926 that Zip broke his silence to philosophically sigh to his visiting sister, "Well, we fooled 'em a long time."



Fattest man in the world.

Robert Earl Hughes

As was the case with countless fat people before him, all Robert Earl Hughes seemed to want out of life was an early death. Why else would he cram himself so full of comestibles that he reached a record- and body-breaking

weight of 1,069 pounds? Robert Earl finally accomplished his end at age 31 when his kidneys, citing inhuman working conditions, went out on permanent strike—one from which Hughes never recovered.



Part-boy, part-frog.

Hopp the Frog Boy

Hopp the Frog Boy wanted the same things every other red-blooded American frog boy aspired to—a steady job, happy home, and loving wife. What need be added to the following touchingly mundane portrait of the Frog Boy sketched after his death by his "midget wife"?

Samuel David Porks, known to all troupers as Hopp the Frog Boy, died at his home on October 26, 1923.

Hopp was born in Boston, Massachusetts, October 20, 1874. His first appearance before the public as a freak was at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1897 before the Rush Medical students. He exhibited before the students of all the leading universities in the United States and Europe. Later he joined Barnum and Bailey Circus and was with that circus during their European tour. From then on he exhibited all over the United States and Europe in the leading circuses and carnival companies.

Hopp was the only attraction of his kind in the world. His face, hands and feet were human but the rest of his body was deformed similar to that of a frog. When he lay down on all fours he looked exactly like a huge bullfrog...

In 1906 Hopp married Miss Ida Granville of Baltimore, Maryland, and had two children by her. She died giving birth to their second baby. His first baby, a boy, is still alive and is about 17 years old...

In 1910, while with the Great Patterson Shows, he met Helen Himmel, a Connecticut midget whom he married at Lyons, Iowa. Hopp lived happily with his midget wife till his death here on October 26. Hopp was 49 years old on October 20, 1923.



John Merrick died trying to sleep like a normal human being.

The Elephant Man

A man without an ambitious—or, for that matter, unaffected—bone in his body, John Merrick, a.k.a. "the Elephant Man," was perhaps the single most unfortunate freak in the annals of human oddities. An extreme victim of a rare, disfiguring disease—neurofibromatosis—Merrick was burdened head to toe with great malodorous tumors that so transmogrified his appearance that he was forced to move about under constant cover of cap and hood. All but five of his 27 years were spent in the custody of sleazy, frequently sadistic showmen who exhibited him for those happily horrified onlookers willing to part with their pennies for the privilege...

Merrick's prospects brightened only after a sympathetic young surgeon, Sir Frederick Treves, discovered the woe-begone youth shivering in a bleak storefront freak show and made a permanent home for him at a nearby London hospital. It was here that Merrick revealed himself as a hopeless romantic, a regular Uncle Tom, eager to perform any task that might win him the approval of his keepers, to whom he considered himself to be infinitely inferior. Not a speck of bitterness seemed to trouble his psyche, as he swooned over chivalric novels, delighted at the slightest kindness, and otherwise ingratiated himself with his supposed betters.

In his brief psychobiography, *The Elephant Man*, Ashley Montague theorized that Merrick's selfless and pathetically optimistic disposition was attributable to the affection his mother probably showed him in early youth, before he was turned over to a succession of workhouse authorities and, later, third-rate entrepreneurs. But it's more likely that Merrick's subhuman self-image had been so thoroughly and unrelievedly reinforced by the debasing lifestyle imposed on him that any recognition of his humanity, however scant, was enough to inspire his boundless gratitude.

Indeed, it was his persistent emulation of "normal" folk that brought about his premature and inutterably poignant end. Talk about your karmic comeuppances—forced to sleep in a sitting position to accommodate the great weight of his misshapen head, Merrick gradually grew obsessed with the idea of one day sleeping in the horizontal attitude assumed by those he so admired. One night he tried it, his neck straightaway snapped, and Merrick became yet another hapless casualty of conventions.

So the moral of our survey is simply this: Scratch a freak and you'll find either a highly conventional person, or an extremely irritated freak. •

Cavalcade of Morts

The thrill of victory, and the agony of death.

**Warning: Tuli Kupferberg has determined that the sporting life
is dangerous to your health.**

Sport	No. of Deaths	Place	Year	Notes
Auto racing	106	U.S.	1964-66	
Baseball	5 ? 10	U.S. U.S. U.S.	1959 1973 June 1973- May 1974	Metropolitan Life Insurance policy holders only 191,000 emergency room injuries From Consumer Product Safety File only (not a complete listing)
Basketball	3 ?		1959 1973	Met. Life Ins. policy holders only 188,000 emergency room injuries
Boxing	approximately 10 per year, U.S.			From 1945-1962 there were 198 fatalities
Football	33 17	U.S. U.S.	1972 1973	Total 1931-1973: 1,179 deaths. Worst year: 1965 with 53 deaths. There are 600,000 injuries per year in high school alone, including 400,000 concussions.
Hang gliding	101 "so far"	U.S.	1973-76	There were 40-plus deaths in 1975 alone.
Hockey	4	U.S. and Canada	1973-74	30,000-plus injuries in U.S., 1973; at least 3 fatalities in Canada, 1 in U.S., 1974
Horseback riding	5	U.S.	1959	Met. Life Ins. policy holders only
Horse racing	26		1959-68	
Jogging	4	U.S.		Only 4 verified, may be more
Karate	1	Japan		Out of 666 student trainees. Also 18 fractured bones and 202 other injuries
Mountain climbing	166 108 79 49 17 (incomplete) 12 Plus others unavailable	Switzerland Italy France U.S. Himalayas Canada	1972 1972 1972 1972 1972 1972	From 1951 through 1972 there were 416 deaths in the U.S. and 55 in Canada. From 1962 through 1972 there were 748 deaths in France. In 1971, 41 died climbing Mt. Blanc. Over 600 people have died climbing Mt. Tamgawa, north of Tokyo. Since 1935, 21 people have died climbing Mt. McKinley in Alaska. Forty were reported to have died in the Dec. 1940 Soviet expedition on Everest. Twenty-three died in a blizzard and avalanche on Mt. Fuji, March 20, 1972.
Motorcycle racing	25-plus	U.S.	1960-64	
Parachuting	35	U.S.	1972	1961-72: 359 deaths. Rate in 1966: 7 deaths per 100,000 jumps
Skiing	?	U.S.	1973	Approx. 225,000 injuries. Rate: 6 per 1000 ski days, 2 serious. Approx. 25% of all injuries are fractures.
Skin and scuba diving	140	U.S. citizens	1970	1946-70: 503 known fatalities. In 1970, states leading in fatalities: 1) California; 2) Florida; 3) Washington

Hawaii Lei

by Eddie Louie

Secret spy, Gertrude Lalani, spends her weekends tracking down odd bits of information for the FBI. This weekend she's out with the espionage agency of state from the Soviet Union trying to uncover their May Day celebration plans. While he's sleeping, Gertrude takes the microscopic pieces of lint from his clothing on which a secret code is written. Her lei hides a secret formula liquid which immediately deciphers the code. She transmits the data to Washington via her hair flower. Gertrude is a true friend to American citizens and oil companies.







Microfilmed plans can
be hidden easily in
Gertrude's cunt,
although they get
slippery after a while.

A woman with dark hair and blue eyes is lying in a dark, shallow pool of water. She is wearing a white flower lei around her neck. Her body is partially submerged, with her head above water and her legs bent upwards. A small white rectangular box is positioned in the upper right corner of the image, containing the following text:

Spying for the FBI is one
way to make a living;
hooking in Hawaii is
another. Put them together
and you get a superspy
and a lot of money.



Next week, Gertrude is scheduled to meet with the mayor of Paris to check out what the attitude of Parisians towards Americans will be for Easter.



THEY CAME FROM URANUS!

ON APRIL 17, 1978, AMERICA'S FIRST CONTACT WITH AN ALIEN CIVILIZATION WAS MADE WHEN A LARGE DIPLOMATIC ENVOY FROM THE PLANET URANUS LANDED ON MANHATTAN, LEVELING IT.

THE PRESIDENT FLEW IN FROM WASHINGTON TO OFFER THE ALIEN VISITORS HIS PERSONAL WELCOME. HIS CHOICE OF THE WORD "GREETINGS" PROVED UNFORTUNATE, HOWEVER, AS IT TRANSLATES PHONETICALLY INTO URANIAN AS "KRI-TEENX," OR, "YOUR GRANDMOTHER SEEKS OUT THE COMPANY OF YAKS IN HEAT."

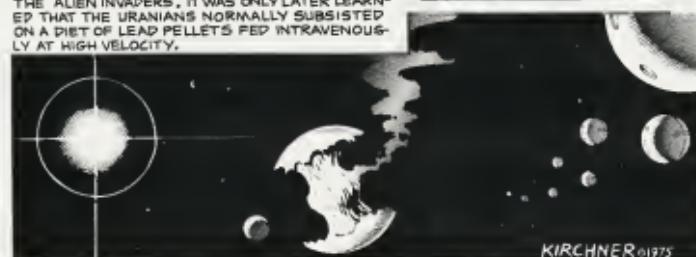


IN ORDER TO HASTEN THE START OF MEANINGFUL NEGOTIATIONS, THE URANIANS INITIATED SATURATION NUCLEAR-BOMBING OF THE EARTH'S LAND SURFACES.



THE URANIANS DECLARED WAR ON THE EARTH. ALTHOUGH THE ARMIES OF EARTH FOUGHT VALIANTLY, IT SEEMED BULLETS COULD NOT STOP THE ALIEN INVADERS. IT WAS ONLY LATER LEARNED THAT THE URANIANS NORMALLY SUBSISTED ON A DIET OF LEAD PELLETS FED INTRAVENOUSLY AT HIGH VELOCITY.

FINALLY, THE LAST HOLD-OUTS OF THE HUMAN RACE SURROUNDED. AS WAS THE SACRED CUSTOM OF THEIR FOLK, THE URANIANS DIXED THE PRISONERS INTO SMALL PIECES FOR USE AS PET FOOD. ON MAY 3, 1978, THE URANIANS RETURNED HOME, LEAVING A SMALL EMBASSY ON THE FORMER SITE OF NOME, ALASKA.



KIRCHNER ©1975

THE END.



Starvation, degradation, amputation—but will it make you thin?

Slim Chance Diets

by Lynda Crawford

If only Dr. Linn, author of *The Last Chance Diet*, had put out his best-selling book in 1958 instead of now, Elvis Presley's mother might be alive today. In her desperate struggle to lose weight and avoid being an embarrassment to her son, the late Mrs. Presley tried all the diets of the time, finally perishing on a combination of diet pills and booze—the latter reportedly consumed in great quantities to soothe the frustration she felt for being overweight. With *The Last Chance Diet* that never would have happened, as, for one thing, alcohol is not allowed on the program. Neither is food. The good doctor has come up with a brilliant concept: if you don't eat, you'll lose weight. Of course, he doesn't mean you have to go without the survival rates are for going months without eating, but Dr. Linn can claim with good conscience that not one person has died from his program—yet.

The Last Chance Diet is the latest in

the spate of diet books that continually glut the market. In the whole history of world literature, only bibles and dictionaries have sold more than diet books. According to Dr. Richard Spark of the Harvard Medical School, between 25 and 45 per cent of the American population are "officially obese." To combat this fat, we spend more than \$90 million a year on diet-related products, with diet books right at the top of the list. The Stillman book, *The Doctor's Quick Weight Loss Diet*, introduced in 1967, has sold over 20 million copies, and the Dr. Atkins' *Diet Revolution* set an all-time record for any hardcover hardcover, ever sold within one year.

Linn's book is being sold by industry people as this year's diet best-seller. It is being promoted with an extravagant ad campaign, and the publisher himself, Lyle Stuart, is doing testimonials: "Last year I broke 240 pounds.... I despaired of ever becoming thin again. And then, quite by accident, I stumbled upon an article in last January's *Vogue* about [*The Last Chance Diet*].... I drove 120 miles for my first appointment. It was my last chance. It worked. In 120 days I lost 83 pounds.... I went to Dr. Linn as a patient. Now I'm his publisher."

There is no doubt about the fact that one can lose weight on *The Last Chance Diet*. Mainly because you STOP eating. Unlike the other popular fasting books, however, Linn's is not a self-help program—everyone is urged to see either Linn or another doctor—and in place of solid food, all Linn's patients are given sizable quantities of his personal stock of liquid protein ("Pro-Linn") to drink every day, plus a daily dosage of vitamins and minerals. At its core, the diet is really no different than the hundreds of other high-protein diets that have been floating around since 1863,

(continued)

Illustration by Dominicus Gaspard

Diets

(continued)

when William Banting published a pamphlet extolling the virtues of "an experimental diet" that restricted carbohydrates but was very high in protein. Nor is Pro-Linn any different in its amino acid content than many of the powdered and liquid proteins offered in stores across the country. A new name and a different wrapper is apparently all that's needed to make it fit in the diet bin.

The important questions are: (1) Does it really work? (do you lose weight AND keep it off); and (2) Is it safe? According to Dr. Linn, he has an 80 per cent success rate with people keeping the weight off after they go back to eating. According to Dr. George Blackman of Harvard University, who actually developed the concept of this protein-sparing fast, only 50 per cent of his people have been able to stay at their desired weights. Interestingly, even publisher Lyle Stuart, who is certainly highly motivated to sustain his weight loss, reportedly has gained back 40 of the 83 pounds he lost. While the same ads are still appearing for the book, Mr. Stuart is making himself very scarce these days to avoid the embarrassment of having to explain his returning girth.

Linn's program fares no worse, however, than any other diet plan. In fact, even if only 25 per cent of his patients keep their weight off, he is making considerable headway in the weight control game. According to Dr. Alvan Feinstein of the Yale Medical School, out of any 100 patients on weight control programs, only two can be expected to maintain the weight within a year after losing it. In a recent study in Boston, four groups were assembled of 100 patients each, all recognized as overweight. The first group was left untreated; the second was sent to a dietary clinic at a university hospital; the third was treated in group psychotherapy; and the fourth in individual psychotherapy. Three years later all the subjects were examined. The results were that "a small minority in each group had lost weight, a somewhat larger number—in each group—had gained weight, and the majority of the patients were in about the same position they had occupied before the experiment began."

The Stillman and Atkins diets claim very high success rates, but according to an article in *The Today's Health*, less than ten per cent of those who lose weight on ketogenic diets (high protein, low or no carbohydrates) are able to maintain their losses. While *The Last Chance Diet* also operates on the ketogenic principle, Dr. Linn has made an attempt to combat the dismal diet odds by including a crash

behavior modification course in his program. If Lyle Stuart is any indication, though, once you are re-introduced into the world of eating, the program ceases to be effective.

In regards to the safety of the diet, there has been a controversy going on for years in the medical profession over weight control programs that are based on the ketogenic process. Dr. Atkins' book was condemned by the Council of Foods and Nutrition of the American Medical Association as being not only "without scientific merit" but hazardous as well. Reduced blood pressure, fatigue, apathy, dehydration, calcium depletion, kidney trouble, and threatening elevations of blood lipids are but a few of the health problems directly linked to the ketogenic diets, and there have been numerous cases of men and women who have hospitalized themselves with side effects. Again, in *The Last Chance Diet*'s favor is the fact that Linn stresses that his is not a self-help book, and that one must be under a physician's care throughout the program. Should a

problem arise, the doctor would be able to spot it immediately and thus avoid serious complications. However, according to Dr. C.E. Butterworth, Jr., formerly chairman of the AMA's Council on Research, there is the possibility of health hazards stemming from ketoic diets that may not manifest themselves until many years later.

Dr. Philip White, Director of the AMA Department of Food and Nutrition and a long-time critic of these diets, has said that the only way such a diet should ever be used is under a doctor's care and that he finds it "strange that Dr. Linn should put a book like this out for the public and yet say no one should follow it on their own." The worst problem with the ketoic process, according to Dr. White, is that it "creates a situation that is not dissimilar to the metabolic patterns of diabetes." When carbohydrates are eliminated from the diet, the body responds with an increased production of compounds known as ketones. This condition, called ketosis, is abnormal and is usually associated with problems

of impaired metabolism, such as diabetes. The great attraction the diet holds, however, is that a side effect of ketosis is loss of appetite. When Dr. Linn claims that patients of his who haven't eaten solid food for months do not feel hungry, he is telling the truth. All fasters boast of the fact that after a couple of days all hunger leaves them and they can painlessly lose weight. Significantly though, one of the prime symptoms of diabetes is also loss of appetite and loss of weight. This information has been widely publicized, yet there hasn't been a dent in the popularity of these diets. In fact, when the AMA's Council on Foods and Nutrition issued a warning against the Atkins book, the publisher reported only a "brief and spotty lag in sales." Then it went right back to the top.



died soon after.

When the news of these cases came out, hordes of other patients who had suffered post-operative problems began to surface, including one woman who testified to having an overwhelming desire to eat mud after the operation. Another woman, Joan Perry Briscoe, who underwent the surgery in 1972, was publicly announcing for months how delighted she was by her enormous weight loss, only to then describe in detail how "shortly after, the most intensive diarrhea imaginable started. There are no words to describe this misery and I suddenly knew why the doctor had stressed the necessity of a bright, optimistic outlook and a strong desire to live. You need it in mammoth amounts to go through this part of the program. Ten days after surgery...the diarrhea became even more intense...and the injections of HCG juice would create a volume of diarrhea. For the first nine months it continued and I was terribly ill." Ms. Briscoe championed the surgery on the basis that it changed her thinking about food.

One woman had an overwhelming desire to eat mud after the bypass operation.

Not surprisingly,

According to Dr. J. Howard Payne (who performed the operation on Joan Perry Briscoe), the surgery should only be used as a resort for the "morbidly obese." He has lost five patients to the bypass operation. Dr. Peter Salmon of the University of Alberta, who performed the surgery on 120 patients, also lost five of his people. He, however, has announced that he will do no more bypasses until all data on their value has been thoroughly reviewed.

The demand for the operations continues despite the fatalities. Al Goldstein is considering going through with it one of these days because none of the diets he has tried, including two brief stints on *The Last Chance Diet*, has been successful in keeping the weight off him. "I'm totally discouraged," he explained. "I think the only thing that can help me is if I have them cut out a couple feet of my intestines, though I know there is a high mortality rate with that. I don't know if it'll really do it but I don't see any other way of ever really losing

the weight." Al is now 265 pounds, "the fattest I've ever been," and has tried virtually every fat diet there is, as well as psychotherapy and hypnosis. He says surgery is attractive to him only because "my dream is like that of every fat person—that I'll lose my eyes and wake up thin...to a hot meat, of course."

Less dangerous than the bypass operations, yet equally appalling in their appeal to the desperate, are the hundreds of worthless diets that are continually thrust upon the hungry population of fatatics. One such fraud was the diet that promised weight loss as a result of daily injections of HCG (human chorionic gonadotropin), a hormone extracted from the urine of pregnant women. This fancy went on for years until the FDA in 1974 finally demanded that the diet's promoters include a label on the product stating that it is worthless for weight loss and could possibly cause unexpected adverse reactions. For all those who claimed to have lost weight on the diet, it is interesting to note that in addition to the injections, the patients were also placed on a rigorous 500-calorie a day menu. The clinics that offered the diet later admitted that HCG may have been a placebo, but justified its use on psychological grounds. For this psychic sham, thousands of overweight men and women forked over fees of \$175 to \$500 and amazingly, even after the truth about HCG was revealed, there were still many who sought out the diet.

The main attraction the surgery, the gimmicks, and programs such as those offered in *The Last Chance Diet* and the *Diet Revolution* hold for the overweight is the promise of FAST weight loss. Bill Wendall, author of *The ABC's of Weight Loss Show*, went on Dr. Linn's diet recently because he said, "I knew right after the first few days I would start losing and keep losing." After just two weeks on *The Last Chance Diet*, Wendall lost 22 pounds. Of course, he had previously lost considerable amounts on other diets, including the Stillman one, but "then I'd go off them and gain the weight back." This time, however, he says he doesn't "intend" to put the weight on again. Jeff Brodkin, an assistant D.A. from Philadelphia, lost 114 pounds in four months on *The Last Chance Diet*. He also hadn't had one morsel of solid food in that time. When he goes back to eating, his fate could very well be that of the young woman who had her jaws wired together to keep from eating solid food. She lost in the vicinity of 60 pounds while the wires were intact. Shortly after they were removed, she gained all the weight back.

"You cannot control someone's weight by putting them on any of these diets," said Dr. Theodore Rubin, author of several sensible diet books, including *The Thin Book for a Formerly Fat Psychiatrist and Forever Thin*. "It's unrealistic and frequently dangerous. Sure, people can go months without eating; it's happened in life rafts and concentration camps for years. But is it healthy? No! And the minute they go back to a normal diet, they're going to gain the weight back. I think obesity is a psychological illness. A cultural illness. And there is no cure for it. At best you can control it, like the alcoholics do in Alcoholics Anonymous. Every overweight person wants some miracle or magic to happen and make them thin. That's why these diets are all so popular. But not one of them is geared to the emotional problems of the overweight that have turned them into addicts. I think obesity is a very severe disease. And the only approach that can really help is surgery. But that one is going to rush out and buy a book saying that, if I called up any major television or radio talk show this minute and told them I wanted to come on to talk about a quick cure for obesity, I'd be on the show within a week, if not sooner. So if I said I wanted to talk about the psychodynamics of obesity, then I'm not so sure I'd get on."

Most physicians (who don't have "quickie" diet books out) recommend Overeaters Anonymous as the only real hope for the chronically overweight. Their philosophy, like Dr. Rubin's, is that there is no cure for obesity but that it can be controlled. A day at a time. With the help of the Higher Power. Should one be unwilling to abide the religious overtones of the group, there are a few chapters which do not begin and end with meetings of the Lord's Prayer. The procedures, however, have stuck to it for the rest of your life. No kick three weeks of sacrifice and then back to binges.

On December 14, 1976, it was alleged that readers of *The Last Chance Diet* were being ripped off by misleading advertising. New York Attorney General Louis Lefkowitz said that readers didn't discover that that product is an indispensable part of the diet regimen and available only through the author, was necessary until page 89. He further pointed out that products similar to "Pro-Linn" are available, but not mentioned. A retail seller, Walden Book Company, Inc., Stamford, Connecticut, has agreed to make refunds or give merchandise credit to any purchaser who wants it.

MARY HARDON



PANT PANT
WHO CAN THIS BE CALLING ME, MARY HARDON, MARY HARDON AS IF I DIDN'T HAVE ENOUGH TROUBLE WITH MY GRANDPA A SEX PERVERT, MY MOTHER GETTING HER TUBES TIED, MY HUSBAND NOT GETTING IT UP, MY DAUGHTER, 11, INTO PLAY FOR PAY SEX, AND MY BABY SISTER CHEERLEADING FOR THE COLLEGE SEX-ED JAHAL TEAM. WHAT CONTROVERSY NOW PORTENDS?

EST. 1957
SCREW
ORGY





A throwback to the Stone Age, the sport of boomeranging is reemerging as an international pastime.
by Mara Mills

Good-bye, Frisbee, the boomerang is returning. It is estimated that interest and participation in boomeranging has increased 160 per cent in the past eight years. Benjamin Ruhe of the Smithsonian Institute, and author of the soon to be published *Many Happy Returns: The Art and Sport of Boomeranging*, calls the boomerang the thinking man's Frisbee. He feels the sport of boomeranging fits the temper of the '70s: "It's inexpensive, imaginative, individualistic, and a return to origins in that boomeranging was a Stone Age sport." continued



THE RETURN OF THE BOOMERANG

Photo by Robert Selsik

Boomerang

(continued)

On April 28, 1770, Lieutenant James Cook sailed into Botany Bay. He recorded in the ship's log that the natives "were armed with a wooden weapon shaped somewhat like a scimitar." Although he was the second man to record the existence of the boomerang—Captain William Dampier had noted them in 1699—Cook was the first non-aboriginal to own one. It is now in the collection of the Australian Museum.

Cook's boomerang was a nonreturning, or "way" boomerang. The natives, being unsure of his intentions, would have left their lighter come-back humu-rius home.

The come-back boomerangs were used, as they are today, for sport. The heavier nonreturning ones were used for

not thousands, of boomerangs have been found during excavation of other Egyptian tombs.

Fox Lane, an English anthropologist, spent the years between 1872 and 1883 experimenting with Indian and Egyptian boomerangs in an attempt to find one which would come back. In 1887, he found a thin, light boomerang in Madras which he "found to fly with a return flight like the Australian boomerang." The devotees of the Australian boomerangs contended that Lane had neglected to define "return flight," and the decision was to leave Australia with the honor of inventing the returning boomerang. New evidence concerning returning boomerangs has led to a re-examination of Lane's hypothesis.

"Rabbit sticks" of considerable antiquity have been excavated from the Val Verde County cave deposits in Texas, and there is evidence that a boomerang

THROWING THE BOOMERANG



1. Hold the boomerang on either end with the flat side facing the palm of your hand.
2. Hold the boomerang almost vertically. A slight tilt of up to ten degrees is necessary, depending on the strength of the breeze.
3. Throw the boomerang 45 degrees to the right of the oncoming breeze. The exactness of this angle is very important as it will dictate the accuracy of the return. (The stronger the breeze, the more to the right.)
4. Give the boomerang a rapid spin by stopping the throwing motion abruptly just before releasing.

If there is no breeze, the boomerang may be thrown in any direction and will return. Hold at an increased inclination to the right, about 30 to 40 degrees before throwing.

CATCHING THE BOOMERANG



As the boomerang returns, it loses some speed and spin, sometimes hovering and slowly falling to the ground. Catch it when it's at chest level by sandwiching it between your hands. Hold hands about 18 inches apart, aim for the center of the boomerang, and make a definite clap with your hands.

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Throwing a boomerang requires a good eye, a strong arm, and patience.

hunting and warfare. Nonreturning boomerangs have been recorded in use throughout history and the world. Nineteenth-century anthropologists determined that the come-back boomerang was as indigenous to Australia as the kangaroo or the lyre bird. Recently, modern physicists and boomerang mavens have found evidence that come-backs were made in other parts of the world, especially Egypt.

The Kols of Guzerat had a *katar* which was thrown directly at an object, and the Tamil Kallans and Maravans of Southern India used the *valai tadi*, which had a whirling motion. Natives of the western coast of Espiritu Santo used a throwing stick called a *tokhi* or *rioki* in their Kava ceremonies. Several highly decorated boomerangs, commonly called fowling sticks, were discovered in Egypt in the tomb of Tut-anhk-Amen. Hundreds, if

was used by an extinct Shoshone Indian group in California. The Zuni Indians of Arizona had a similar nonreturning boomerang, the *Akane*.

The study of how boomerangs came into being has long been a reputable subject of study among anthropologists and cultural philosophers. The Darwin of the boomerang, General Pitt Rivers, described the evolution of the missile: (1) All savages throw sticks at their enemies; (2) It was noticed that a curved stick would rotate more freely than a straight one, giving more impetus to the forward motion; (3) It was noted that by cutting a curved stick lengthwise, thus producing a thinner edge, both rotation and range would be further increased; (4) The savages noticed and imitated twists or warps at the extremities which caused the stick to screw up into the air when thrown. Thus, the modern boomerang evolved from a bent stick.

(continued)



BUYING THE BOOMERANG

The returning boomerang is essentially a curved stick with one convex and one flat surface, which tapers abruptly or gradually to extremities of various shapes. Modern boomerangs have been made in the shape of R's, S's, and Y's. There are also some with multiple blades. You can find boomerangs for \$1.00 to \$1.50 in sport and discount stores, but these most likely have not been quality-tested, and the construction is often shoddy. These are two major mail order suppliers of excellent boomerangs: The Boomerang Man, 311 Park Avenue, Monroe, Louisiana 71201; and Boomerangs, Box 7324, Benjamin Franklin Station, Washington, D.C. 20044.

The following is a list of boomerangs available from The Boomerang Man. All are made from plywood, except where otherwise indicated.

Type	Length	Weight	Range	Price
Hawes SL	14"	1½ oz.	17'	\$ 3.00
Hawes M-17	17"	3 oz.	25'	5.00
Gundawarra Kola	11"	2 oz.	20'	3.50
Gundawarra Narong	18"	3 oz.	20/25'	5.00
Gundawarra Kangaroo	18"	5 oz.	30'	6.50
Gundawarra Hook	12"	3½ oz.	30+'	8.00
Joe Timbery 21	21"	6 oz.	35'	plain 6.00 painted 7.00 etched 8.00
Joe's Mulga Root (usually used as a wall trophy)	22"	10 oz.	35+'	18.00
Joe's Hook	16"	4½ oz.	45'	7.25
Lewry Hook	13"	4 oz.	50/60'	14.00
Wyche Standard	19"	4½ oz.	35'	7.00
Wyche Hook	12"	2½ oz.	35'	5.50
Comeback 22 (nylon and fiberglass)	22"	8 oz.	50+'	16.00

Boomerang

(continued)

The original aborigine boomerangs were made from Australian hard woods (iron bark, jarrah, honey suckle) together with the lighter woods of the wattle family. Today, most boomerangs are made from plywoods of various types, and the natural wood ones are from mulga wood, red gum, and monkey wood. Natural wood boomerangs are expensive, usually nonreturning, and designed primarily for decoration. Today boomerangs are rarely made by aborigines; the white Aussie has taken over the market. Apparently, the aborigines on the reservations have lost the art.

Richard Harrison, owner of the Boomerang Man in Monroe, Louisiana, imports boomerangs made from first quality marine plywood. He also imports some made of laminated silky oak and some *kiley* (nonreturning war boomerangs, mostly from Western Australia) made from monkey wood or mulga wood. The *kiley* are heavy and usually kept for decoration. Wham-O (who originated the Frisbee) makes a plastic boomerang, designed by Sir Lorin Hawes.

The first intercollegiate boomerang

tournament was held last year between aerospace students at Oklahoma University and Oklahoma State. Since natives of Oklahoma are known as schooners, they've renamed boomerangs "schoonerangs." There were regional tournaments in Portland, Oregon, Eastern Pennsylvania, and Baltimore, Maryland, with contestants coming from around the nation to compete. The "Greater Matrice Boomerang Association" of Matrice,

Natives of Oklahoma throw "schoonerangs."

Louisiana, and "The Come-Backs" of Marrero, Louisiana, also hold tournaments.

The largest tournament is held by the Smithsonian Institute's Residents Associates. This is an international tournament whose main sponsor is Cornelius Roosevelt, grandson of Teddy and a boomerang aficionado. The eighth annual tournament is tentatively scheduled for the second Saturday in June, to be held on the National Mall, Washington.

D.C. A workshop will be held the Saturday before during which participants, who pay a fee of about \$7, will be taught how to make and throw boomerangs. Herb Smith, who set the Guinness record for distance throwing on June 17, 1972, at Little Hampton Sports Field, Sussex, England (108 yards out and 108 yards back), will be at the tournament to compete and to demonstrate his ability. The Smithsonian tournament concentrates on accuracy of throwing and catching rather than distance throwing. It's informal, educational, and sporting in the friendliest sense, with awards ranging from the serious to the "Douglas MacArthur I Shall Return" award.

With the increased interest in boomerangs, several books have become available on the subject. Herb Smith has written *Boomerangs: Making Them and Throwing Them*. Sir Lorin Hawes, expert on boomeranging, wrote *All About Boomerangs*, published by Paul Hamlyn, New York, 1975. These are available from The Boomerang Man. The third book, Ruhe's *Many Happy Returns: The Art and Sport of Boomeranging*, published by Viking, will be available in the spring.

Cadence

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DIVERSIONS

An erotic trainride with a manacled maiden

Diversions, the newest in the current wave of ultra-kink films, has a little something for just about everyone: in addition to one-on-one and group fucking and sucking, there's aggressive lesbian love, intricate bondage sessions, anal rape, vampirism, and a few other sexual wrinkles that are sure to raise more than your eyebrows. There's even an intellectual level to the film: the makers of *Diversions* tried to make a movie that symbolically touched on "all the sexual encounters experienced by women since the dawn of history."

The film is composed of a series of vignettes depicting the psycho-sexual fantasies of a girl who is being conducted by train to a maximum security prison where she is to serve a lengthy sentence. Imogene's (Heather Deeley) "diversions" are triggered by the various passengers who share her compartment—a handsome student seated across the aisle, who offers her a taste of an apple (get the symbolism?); a sinister-looking character reading a copy of *Vampirella*; (continued)





**Imogene gets laid on a
heap of apples in a barn,
then buggered by a
squad of soldiers on the
hood of an army jeep.**

(continued) the matronly woman Imogene is handcuffed to, and a tourist photographing the passing scenery.

In the first two scenes, Imogene gets laid on a heap of apples in a barn, then buggered by a squad of soldiers on the hood of an army jeep. She gets revenge in the next sequence, when she stabs her lover in his back while he is fucking her, then paints herself with his mortal blood and masturbates with the gore-drenched knife. The next time she tries this, however, the blade fails to penetrate her victim's flesh—he suddenly bares a set of mean fangs, and proceeds to do his Dracula number on Imogene's throat.

In another segment, Imogene is being held captive by a group of Gestapo-type characters. She is brutally interrogated, and forced to assume the kneeling position while a uniformed guard shoves a rifle barrel into her mouth. After the metallic blow job, one of the guards pisses all over her face. She is then bound spread-eagled to the bars of her cell, and while the guards watch, a wardress slowly strips their captive and menaces her tits and pussy with a switchblade. When a guard finally cuts the ties that bind poor Imogene, she and the wardress engage in a thorough ses-

(continued)





As they reach orgasm,
Imogene reaches under
the cushion, pulls out a
dagger and plunges it
into her lover's chest.

(continued)

sion of lesbian give and take, after which the guard joins in and the three wind up in a tangle of arms, legs, cocks, and cunts.

The tourist snapshotter conjures another of Imogene's fuck fantasies, this time involving a heavily mustached Victorian portrait-photographer. This is the comedy segment, an X-version of *Upstairs, Downstairs*. The comic climax of the scene is reached when the maid, who has come "upstairs" to join the action, shoves her feather duster up the photographer's ass.

Diversions is a classy English hardcore, with more twists and turns and kinks than an hour of Monty Python. A truly diverting cinema experience. ●

WALTER GURBO'S

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A JEALOUS WOMAN
PLACES OUR HERO
BEHIND BARS

IN

"DEEPEST THROAT"



Whoever it was who said tragedy always comes in threes could not have been thinking of the tempting trio of buxom babes on display here. There is, however, an outside chance that the wag who said good things come in small packages may have been (thinking about the tempting trio of buxom babes), as the original photos are a good deal smaller than they appear here. Then again, we might do well to pause and ponder the validity of both of those long-unchallenged contentions. Might it not, after all, be safer to posit that tragedy always comes too often and good things not nearly often enough, rather than in threes and small packages, respectively?

In any case, we're told these raunchy relics from our prurient past—sent our way by an anonymous donor who wishes to remain nameless—depict the finalists in the First Annual Miss Nude New Jersey Contest, 1946. (The second, we've learned, has yet to transpire.) While our contributor assures us that, to the best of his recollection, the contest was run strictly on the up and up, we must confess to having our doubts. For one thing, our informant tells us, the only qualification for entering the competition was a willingness to disrobe before a Brownie box camera along a deserted stretch of off-season Atlantic City beach. For another, the three finalists pictured here also happened to be the only contestants. What's more, and possibly worse, all three were declared co-winners of the contest.

Not only does this smack of gross unprofessionalism and alarming indecision, but we further suspect a possible case of outright exploitation. In fact, we wouldn't be a bit surprised to learn that the so-called contest's so-called organizers weren't simply deceiving these unfortunate femmes into removing their clothing for the express purpose of snapping, and later selling to the highest bidder, the very photos you see here. That such knavery



Former Miss Nude New Jersey contestants strike provocative pose during "non-nude" phase of that annual competition.

should go undetected for three decades, and unpunished even down to this day, says little for the species.

Still, we suppose that, even at this late date, their publication here represents a vindication of sorts. At long last these lovely lasses are being accorded the acclaim that has doubtless been their due for these many years. We can only hope that wherever the beauties in question may be today—whether safely en-

sconced in their dotage, or toting "the bags" along 14th Street, or simply resting in a jar over some son or daughter's mantelpiece—they will somehow know that their shameless behavior on that deserted beach so long ago was not completely in vain. Such is life's compensation.

You know, it really warms our cockles and tugs at our hamstrings to have an opportunity to grant recognition, however belated, to otherwise forgotten smut per-

formers. If you'd like to assist us in this invaluable porn preservation and restoration project, simply send any old smut pic you may happen to have to Nostalgia Department, Milky Way Productions, Inc., P.O. Box 432, Old Chelsea Station, New York, N.Y. 10011. Even if you care not a jot about preservation and restoration, be advised that readers whose contributions are reproduced here will be up 25 bucks for their troubles.

SMUT FROM THE PAST

by J.J. Kane



Fortunate Miss Nude New Jersey finalists beam for box camera during "half-naked" segment of that annual competition.



Lucky Miss Nude New Jersey's 1946 display winning form in "nearly naked" section of that annual competition. Plans for the Second Annual Miss Nude New Jersey Contest have not yet been finalized.

SHIT LIST



A few months ago, *Your Erroneous Zones*, by Dr. Wayne W. Dyer was at the top of best-seller lists. The book claimed that its "bold but simple techniques for taking charge of your unhealthy behavior patterns" would bring sanity. Its author, who is described on the book's jacket as "a brilliant counselor and therapist who admits unabashedly that he has done—and continues to do—everything he has ever wanted to do in life," has also accomplished the purest literary theft I've ever seen.

Almost every idea and technique in this book has been stolen from Dr. Albert Ellis, the man who created rational therapy. Ellis is a man I respect and he has done more for the sexual revolution than all the work of Kinsey and Masters and Johnson combined. But, to see the truly innovative mind of Ellis ripped off by a cretin-like copycat makes me want to puke. Dyer has been milking his robbery—which is not unlike the Ellsberg theft—on the late night television shows and, of

course, the rather shallow hosts on those shows, who have never read anything themselves, are unaware of the lack of originality on thief-Dyer's part. Dyer has not only stolen Ellis's techniques but, in fact, he stole the title. *Your Erroneous Zones*, from a SCREW headline of four years ago. Dyer, in addition to being an egotistical oaf who is trying to compensate for his having been an orphan, has proven that not only is originality rarely recognized, but that the parasites of the printed word do not hesitate to rip off the thoughts of our genuine geniuses and try to steal fame and fortune from the achievements of others. To Wayne Dyer and *Your Erroneous Zones*, we wish a brisk enema to clear out the shit; and, for the rest of us, this merely confirms the fact that so long as others are being original, shadowy creatures such as Dyer shall steal their efforts and manipulate the media to their own sinister and selfish ends.



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Hokey

(cont. from page 61)

My curious finger found its way into Charlene's tight little crack. Eureka! Seven-eleven! Bonanza! Big Dick from Boston! Eighter from Decatur! Gold Strike! I felt the spider web of her maidenhead. Zounds! Wowie! Gadzoinks! I wanted to scream and shout and run around to show everybody. Look gang! A cherry! Hokey picked a cherry! A cherry bush in hand, is better than two pigs and a poke! Hallelujah!

Then I went berserk. With one mighty heave, panties, garter belt, nylons, the whole business came tumbling down. I ripped away the red ribbon and turned to my own clothes. I hauled down my jeans with such violence I nearly tore off the end of my knob.

"Oh, Hokey, you can't . . ." Charlene cried, weakly trying to bring her armor back up.

I pulled out the dress from under her tail and flung the sweeping skirt up over her face. "Yes, I can!" I exclaimed in heat, repeating a popular phrase from my own day. My throbbing dummy went into a rapturous coma as I hurled myself on top of Charlene and stuck the head in for a look-see.

Charlene let out a yell.

"A kangaroo jumping on a hot-plate!"

"Closer, closer! Keep trying, gang!" I yelled.

Charlene was jerking like a harpooned whale.

"Go get it, Big Fella!" I said to my thumper, galloping through the defiant maidenhead. The membrane went "pop" and there I was, strutting merrily up Charlene's canal.

"A left-handed platypus doing the Charleston!"

"Wrong again! You're a little off the track, gang—but keep at it!"

Charlene's feeble struggles ceased and I thought she was unconscious. Then when her fanny began rising rhythmically off the floor and swallowing up the length of my peter, I knew she was all right.

Oh, boy, oh, boy! I was afraid I'd have a heart attack. Every nerve in my body was upset—besides the high blood pressure of the hard culprits vigorously at work inside Charlene. The walls of her private were very grabby and seemed to be trying to make Big Fella into a skinless wiener.

"You're rubbing two pieces of liver together!" offered a blindfolded mental giant.

"That's close! Real close! Com'on now, gang—keep trying!"

"Wowie! I went up and down, sideways and halfways, and rubbed around the entrance. Then I bought another ticket and scurried back into the cave. My telephone pole felt like it was plugged into every circuit in town. I slammed Charlene's sweet butt into the floor so many times the boards started squeaking.

"You fucking mine daughter!"

"Right!" I exclaimed in delirium. "Huh?"

"Rumpity-bump-dump!" Somebody came tumbling down the steps from upstairs.

"Schtop fucking mine daughter, you schwinenhund!"

Holy Jesus! It was Johann Shultz, Charlene's krauthead father!

The blindfolded kids exploded in panic.

Johann Shultz charged across the room, knocking over the petrified kids, who were running around like headless chickens.

"Schtop dat! Schtop dat!" he bellowed.

The young girls were shrieking at the top of their lungs, dashing madly about the room. Some of the kids, in their fright, forgot to remove the blinds and fell over the furniture and each other. Piles of children and broken chairs and tables were all over the room. Arms and legs thrashed as they screamed and fought with each other.

Charlene was jerking like a harpooned whale.

Johann Shultz, trying desperately to reach me, got caught between two hysterical blindfolded girls running in opposite directions, and the three of them went sprawling on the floor. In the old man's frenzy to disentangle himself, he grabbed at the girls, who began kicking, hitting, and pulling him by the hair. I guess the girls thought he was after their cherries.

By this time, the whole house looked like recreation period at the funny farm. The kids went crazy. They fell over one another, busted furniture, and screamed like ruptured hyenas. The little girls ran around the room walling and holding their hands over their pussies. What a mess. None of the furniture seemed to be in one piece. It certainly was a disgraceful way for young people to carry on!

While this pandemonium was in full swing, good old Hokey just kept fucking away. I was never one to let go of a good thing because of a minor setback. I think Charlene was in a state of shock. Her dress was no longer covering her face and she was gagging up at the ceiling.

Old man Shultz finally broke away from the berserk girls and pounced on me. "Schtop fucking mine daughter, you dumkopf!" he yelled, beating me on top of the head with his fists. "Schtop dat! Schtop dat!"

I guess we made somewhat of a spectacle of ourselves—Johann Shultz hitting me like a madman and me fucking away like a madman, and little Charlene in orbit, but still keeping a perfect ass stroke.

Suddenly, old man Shultz jumped away and looked frantically around for something to hit me with. He scrambled across the room, falling a few times over the insane children, who were still fighting, screaming, and running around like nuts in a nuttory.

Old man Shultz fought his way to the remains of the buffet table. He picked up a whipped cream cake, which miraculously was still intact, and ran back to the fucking fool on top of his daughter.

"Schtop fucking mine daughter, or—or I kill you!" He raised the cake high in the air and hurled it down on my head.

Just as the cake made contact with my skull, my nuts went off. I pumped away, half blind from whipped cream and cake, while little pieces of candy lettering hung from my nose. They spelled, "Happy Birthday, Charlene."

When my tank was empty, I got the message that maybe I'd overstayed my welcome. I jumped to my feet, grabbing at my half-mast shorts and jeans, and hopped toward the door.

"You schwinenhund!" Johann Shultz came after me again, this time with a loaf of French bread in each hand. "I gif it to you!"

Fortunately for me, he didn't watch where he was going in his crazy charge, tripped over prostrate Charlene, and fell on top of two hysterical girls. In a moment, the trio was rolling around the room, beating each other, and tearing clothes. It was dreadful.

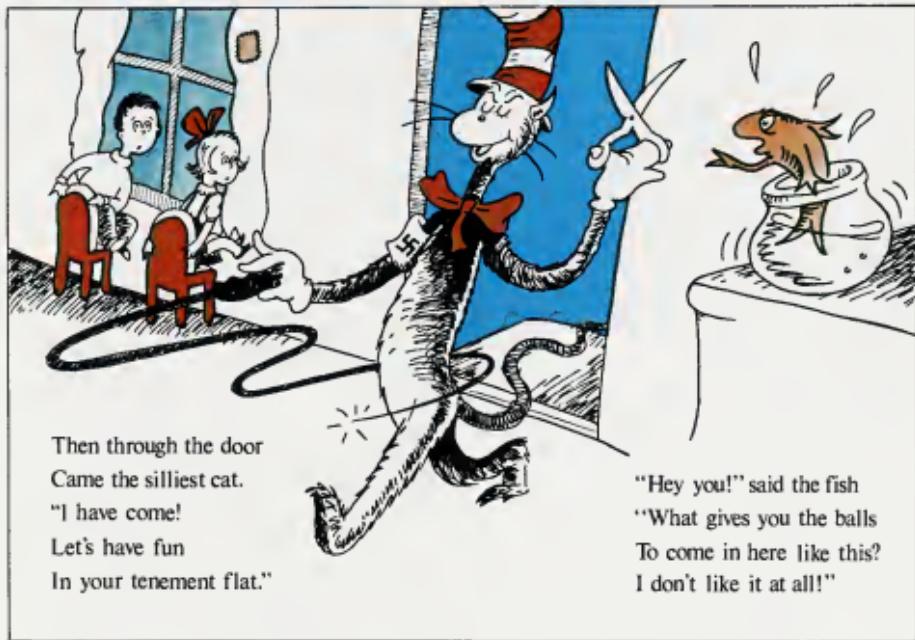
I got my jeans buttoned, stopping at the front door. I looked back at Charlene. She was still lying there, gazing up dreamily at the ceiling. Her skirt was tucked under her chin, and her little ass kept beating time on the floor. There was a contented smile on her lovely face.

THE CAT WITH THE CRAP

By
Dr. Souse



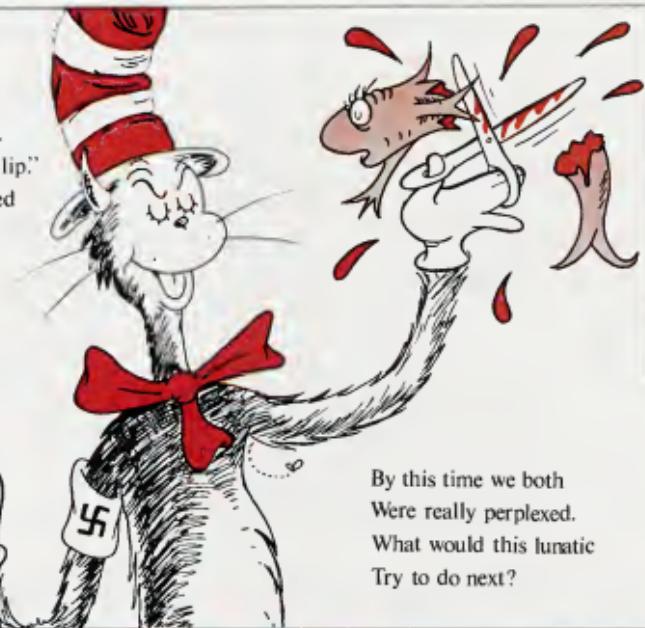
The sun did not shine.
We did nothing at all.
We were too old to nap
And too young to ball.



Then through the door
Came the silliest cat.
"I have come!
Let's have fun
In your tenement flat."

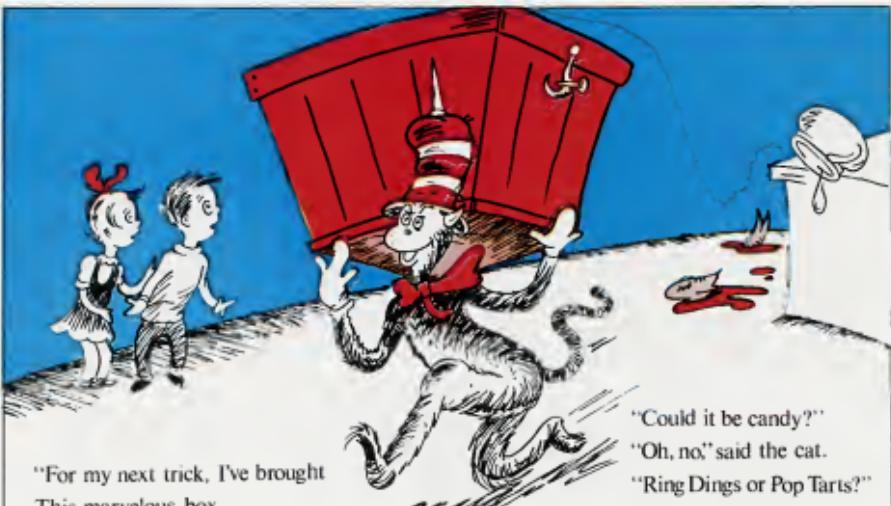
"Hey you!" said the fish
"What gives you the balls
To come in here like this?
I don't like it at all!"

"Now now," said the cat.
"You must button your lip."
And with that, he filleted
The fish with one snip.



By this time we both
Were really perplexed.
What would this lunatic
Try to do next?

"For my next trick, I've brought
This marvelous box.
Can you guess what's in it
You snotty young tots?"

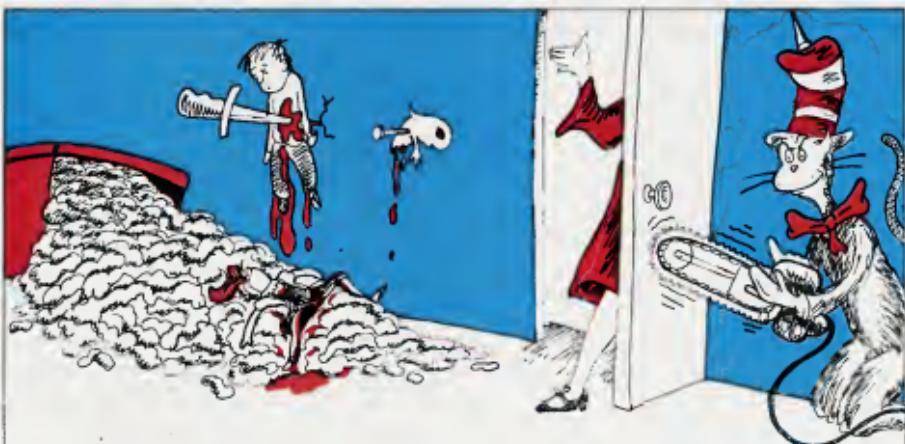


"Could it be candy?"
"Oh, no," said the cat.
"Ring Dings or Pop Tarts?"
"No, nothing like that.
This big box is stuffed
With a boxfull of..."



...CRAP!"

"You beast!" we called him.
"You farty-breathed toad!
How dare you come in here
And unload this load!
Now quick, pick it up
And go hit the road!"



But the cat did not listen
And though we both hid,
He screwed my kid sister
And knifed me a bit.

Then my Mother came home...
Can you guess what he did?

Robert Romanoli



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through the old sprinkler.



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